THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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PLEASANT OLD IRELAND.

Mr. Russell Sounds the Praises of the Nationalists, and Bears Witness of the Good They Have Accomplished — Union in Their Ranks Badly Needed.

The Delightful Irish Climate, "Soft as a Mother's Smile," Where the Ocean Breezes Make Roses Bloom on Children's Cheeks that Goddesses Might Envy.

DUBLIN, Feb. 1.—If any proof were wanting that it was principally if not entirely through the courage, tenacity and perseverance of the National party, backed by the people, that any beneficial measures for Ireland were wrung from the British parliament, the recent speech of Saunderson, the Ulster Orangeman, Tory and M. P., gives that proof. He made a speech at Lurgan about two or three weeks ago, and acknowledged in the most candid manner that whatever beneficial measures have been passed of late years for Ireland, would not have been passed were there no Irish National party. Here is one of the most extraordinary admissions ever made in modern politics. It is as if a man who was about fighting a duel would say, "My enemy is a better man than I; he has right on his side, but I have not." Saunderson's speech is one of the most advantageous utterances for the National party that the enemies of Home Rule and of Ireland have ever made; but Saunderson would hardly have made it had not hard facts compelled him. The Tenants' Land enactments, however they may fall short of being that which is wanting, are, nevertheless, of such immense benefit to the small farmers that every right minded man cannot fail to be pleased with them. Saunderson evidently saw that the best thing for his party would be to acknowledge candidly the good work the Nationalists have done; for it was so plain, so manifest that trying to hide it would be something like trying to hide the sun at noontime. I never was much of a believer in parliamentary agitation, but let us give it credit when it accomplishes anything, no matter how little. It is an unfortunate fact that so split up, and so full of faction are the Nationalists, so-called, in this city, that not one-tenth enough was said in the National papers here about the extraordinary admission Saunderson made in his speech at Lurgan. Almost the entire power for good the Irish National press possesses is paralyzed by the infernal spirit of faction that has got into it. For my part, I am determined as long as I stay in Ireland, not to mix myself up in their quarrels. If Home Rule has not been got, it has at the same time to be acknowledged that the Irish National or Home Rule party, has done magnificent work for Ireland. While in America I did not and could not know what had been done over here, and am afraid that I both said and wrote some hard things about Home Rulers, and the work in which they were engaged. I now make an apology for any utterances I may have made in America relative to the Irish Parliamentary party. While I remained on your side of the Atlantic, I could not possibly have known what had been done in Ireland, or what was the cause of its having been done; and, believe me, that no one who has been away from Ireland for half a score or more of years, can, under any circumstances, know all that has been done in it. Things are by no means in an entirely satisfactory condition in this country; there is a great deal of poverty all through the island from the lack of business and lack of work; but the National party is not to be blamed for the distress that exists; but for them it would be a great deal greater than it is. But now, owing to the spirit of faction by which they are divided, their power for good seems to be almost nothing. They are simply in as horrible a condition as it is possible to conceive.

The extreme Nationalists, the real power behind the Home Rule party, have heretofore worked with the Home Rulers; but the unfortunate wrangling in which the latter have been engaged since the death of Parnell, seems to have filled the real Nationalists with such disgust that if the wrangling continues, there may be a breach between the Home Rulers and those from whom they have, up to the present, drawn much of their support. The real patriots would be the men who would bring about a reconciliation between both wings of the National party, make them stop their quarrelling and work for the good of their common country.

It may be thought by some that since parliamentary agitation has for the first time in the history of Ireland, accomplished at least something for that country, the Irish people are in danger of becoming mere West Britons, and losing sight of real Nationalism. I do not think so, for terribly anglicized as a certain Shoneen class of Irishmen have become, there is, on the other hand, a marked improvement taking place among the masses. They are no longer ashamed of being Irish. Look how much good work has been done by the Irish Literary Society, and how well the books they publish sell. Not only is a taste for national literature springing up, but a wish to become acquainted with our long and shamefully neglected national language, is springing up also. Irish has already been put on the programme of some of the normal schools in this city, and we expect soon to have it taught in all the public schools and training colleges in Dublin. A host of young Gaelic scholars with almost complete mastery not only of the modern language, but of its most ancient forms, have sprung up in this city during the last dozen years. Mr. MacNeill and Mr. Loyd, the prime supporters and principal founders of the New Gaelic League here, are profound Gaelic scholars, although not born in a Gaelic speaking part of the country. Mr. D. Hyde lectured here a few days ago on the Irish Language and Literature under the auspices of the Irish Literary Society, and the hall was crowded. It was not a large hall, but twenty years ago he could not have filled a large bedroom by a lecture on such a subject. I think the spirit of nationality in Ireland is today more flourishing than it has been for nearly two centuries, and is resting on a broader, stronger and firmer basis than it ever rested on before, in spite of what some croakers may say to the contrary.

I went to Glasnevin on Sunday last to see Parnell's grave. It is astonishing what numbers go there every Sunday; even on week days many may be seen visiting it. No monument of any kind, save a wooden cross, has as yet been erected over his remains, nor is there, so far as I can find out, any talk of erecting a monument to him. A space of ground about eighty feet in diameter, and perfectly circular, has been enclosed by a neat stone border; it is raised in the centre, and it is there the remains of Ireland's great leader are deposited. A small wooden cross, surmounted by a harp and a picture of Parnell himself, is the only thing in the way of a monument that marks the place where he rests. The plat where the grave is, is kept in very nice order. There cannot be fewer than fifty glass globes containing flowers and various kinds of votive offerings, placed in the plat that contains the grave. It would not be possible to keep the plat in neater or more perfect order than that in which it is kept. It seems strange, however, that, so far, no steps seem to have been taken to erect a monument on his grave. One would think that if only his Dublin followers would contribute a few shillings apiece, enough of money could be got to raise a monument to him that would be finer than anything in Glasnevin, the O'Connell monument alone excepted. If Parnell was worthy of the respect and devotion that so many show to his memory, and I do not mean to imply that he was not, his grave ought surely to have some costlier monument than a small wooden cross. It is, however, almost certain that steps will ere long be taken to erect a suitable monument to his memory; but as yet there is no talk about it that I can hear of. This city is, as of course you are aware, very largely Parnellite.

Any one going in the direction of Glasnevin or Clontarf, or in fact, anywhere on the north side of Dublin, cannot but be struck with the great number of Catholic charitable and educational institutions to be seen. Thirty years ago, when I lived, as now, in the northern suburbs of Dublin, there were only a few Catholic institutions to be seen; but now the same places are full of them. There is one at Artane, another at Drumcondra, another at Kilmore, and one near the Crescent in Clontarf, that is only a few years in existence. It stands on the grounds that once formed the demesne of the Earl of Charlemont, and is called the O'Brien institution, for it was a person named O'Brien that contributed a very large sum of money toward furnishing it. Some of these institutions are entirely filled with boys belonging to poor peasant classes, whose parents were unable to support them. They are fed, clothed and taught gratis; and every one is taught a trade of some kind. To see many hundreds of these boys that have been taken out of the slums and alleys of Dublin in a state of poverty and filth, walking out for exercise or for an airing, well dressed, well fed, clean, bright and happy-looking, would gladden the heart of any one with an atom of love for humanity in his composition. The most rabid Orangeman on the face of the earth would have to acknowledge that the church that tends for all these little children, if it did nothing else, was worthy of the respect and esteem of its most bitter polemical enemies. There is probably no city in the world with an equal number of Catholics in its population that possesses so many notable Catholic charitable institutions as Dublin. Of the 350,000 odd inhabitants of the metropolitan district, fully 70 per cent are Catholics, but they own more than 85 per cent of all the charitable institutions.

Is not the death of poor Father Keegan, of St. Louis, Mo., a sad thing? The day I met him in the Irish Academy here, in September last, you would say he was good for fifty years, so young, strong and hearty did he appear. He was ill the whole time, except a few days, from the time he landed here in September until he died, three weeks ago exactly. Father O'Growny, of Maynooth, was in almost constant communication with him or his friends until he died; he tells me that the disease of which he died was rheumatism, which in the long run attacked the heart, and that, of course, quickly brought about the end. I never knew a clerical man of any kind with whom I was so taken as with Father Keegan. His loss to Ireland is great indeed. He was one of her people's truest friends; for while he dearly loved them he had the courage and honesty to tell them their faults. He died in his father's house, near Cloon, in the county Leitrim. *Go suaimhnidh se a siothchan.*

It may be well to warn those who return to Ireland after having been many years in America, to be sure to put on their warmest winter clothing on landing, for no matter how hot the weather may be on this side, there is always, even in the middle of summer, a dampness in the air that is dangerous to any one who has long been used to the dry air of America. There is no doubt that Father Keegan contracted in America the rheumatic complaint that killed him, for he had had many attacks of it before he came over here; but if he had taken the precaution to put on his heaviest winter clothing, on landing, it is probable he would be alive today.

The winter has, so far, been very pleasant here. The thermometer did not go down to the freezing point only for two days; but the winds are, to a stranger, terrible. Almost every day it blows a half-hurricane. People in the streets seem to have all their time taken up holding on to their hats and bonnets. But the wind is not cold at all. On going out in the morning you may feel chilly, but five minutes' walk puts you in a perspiration. All the high winds that blow here come, almost invariably, from the southwest or west; they are therefore never cold, and are loaded with the ocean ozone that gives such wondrously beautiful complexions to most of the Irish people. Some of the very poorest of barefooted children seen in the streets have complexions that many a Chicago belle would give thousands for. 'Tis the "wild west wind" blowing over an almost illimitable sea, and the absence of great heat in summer and great cold in winter, that paint so many of the street urchins here with complexions that a duchess might envy. To show you how far it is from being cold here, I never have fire in my parlor in the morning except on Sundays. My landlady furnishes me with fire, so it is nothing to me whether I have it in the morning or not. I would not like to stay all day writing in a room without a fire; but I always go out after breakfast on mornings during the week, and consequently wouldn't be bothered with a fire.

As soon as the days get longer I intend going down to Drogheda and Armagh, and writing you full particulars about the appearance of the battle-ground of the Boyne, the Yellow Ford and Benburb.

T.O.R.

PARKER AND KIPLING.

[*Catholic Union and Times, Feb. 1.*]

Mr. or Rev. Joseph Parker, of London, who is always going through mental gymnastics or hysterics in the pulpit or the press, has recently expressed his opinion on the value of humor in the *Idler*. The famous "divine" observed that "without the humor of Messrs. Barrie, Kipling and Jerome, we should soon dry up." This moved one of the scribes of the *St. James Gazette* to remark that the public at large would cheerfully sacrifice the above-named writers, if Dr. Parker "would dry up." In the same interview Dr. Parker called attention to the fact that his wife was a relative to Rudyard Kipling, "though he does not know it." This provoked an outburst on Kipling from a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, after the following delightfully witty fashion:

The secrets of the sea are his, the mysteries of Ind,
He knows minutely every way in which mankind has sinned.
He has by heart the lightships 'twixt the Goodwins and the Cape,
The language of the elephant, the ethics of the ape;
He knows the slang of Silver street, the horrors of Lahore;
And how the man-seal breasts the waves that buffet Labrador;
He knows Samoan Stevenson, he knows the Yankee Twain,
The value of Theosophy, of cheek, and and Mr. Caine;
He knows each fine gradation 'twixt the General and the sub.,
The terms employed by Atkins when they sling him from a pub.,
He knows an Ekka pony's points, the leper's drear abode,
The seamy side of Simla, the flaring Mile End road;
He knows the Devil's tone to souls too pitiful to damn,
He knows the taste of every regimental mess in "cham.;"
He knows enough to annotate the Bible verse by verse,
And how to draw the shekels from the British public's purse.
But, varied though his knowledge is, it has its limitation:
Alas, he doesn't know he's Dr. Parker's wife's relation.

A more excellent description of Kipling's versatility and a neater "grind" on Dr. Parker can scarcely be imagined. We venture to say that the bumptious clergyman will be a little shy in the future about claiming connection with the great.

The Complexion of a Chinese

Is not yellower than that of an unfortunate individual whose liver complaint has assumed the chronic form. The eyeballs of the sufferer assume a saffron hue, there is dull pain in the region of the organ affected, the tongue is coated, breath sour, sick headaches usually but not always occur, and there is sometimes dizziness on arising from a sitting posture. Constipation and dyspepsia are also attendants of this very common ailment, always in its aggravated form, liable to breed abscesses of the liver, which are very dangerous. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters wholly eradicates it, as well as the troubles complicated with it and which it originates. In chills and fever, a complaint which always yields to the Bitters, the liver is seriously involved. This fine alterative tonic removes costiveness and indigestion, rheumatic, nervous and kidney trouble and debility.

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BRITISH FREE TRADE.

How It Bedeviled Unfortunate Ireland and Has Bedeviled, and Is Now Bedeviling, These United States of America.

The Hon. A. L. Morrison Scorches Gen. M. T. McMahon, and Other Irish Upholders of the English Pirates in This Country.

PART I.

Says Gen. M. T. McMahon, in *Donohoe's Magazine* for November, 1893:

"The protective policy of the Republican party is subversive of the very principles of liberty. * * * True to their nature and history, they became the party of protection, the party of class, the party of the manufacturer, the party of the protected, and the protected party. * * * Our country never needed protection, in my opinion. * * * Followed to its only legitimate conclusion, the theory of protection would make a nation of parasites, not of freemen. * * * This theory is wholly un-American, and its failure in practice is the great cause of existing injustice and dissatisfaction. * * * The hothouse process was never necessary in the United States. It is folly for a man to attempt to grow oranges in Massachusetts, when he can produce other crops that pay without artificial forcing."

Gen. McMahon is no half way statesman. He is a Free Trader of the genuine British school, and should be an active member of the Cobden Club, and were it not for the comatose condition in which that organization languishes at present, no doubt his name would ornament its rolls along with the noble lords and honorable gentlemen of England, who modestly believe God made Great Britain (not including Ireland) to be the workshop of the world, and that the rest of mankind were created for the sole purpose of being their customers. I do not envy the General for the company he finds himself in, and I don't think any Irishman worthy of the name has any [illegible] of England as he undoubtedly is doing now. I think I have remarked in my last letter that the General in giving his opinions does so in an ex-cathedra manner which does not need any proof or authority, his mere statement being all sufficient. Not being a general myself, and therefore having an humble opinion of my bare assertions, I will endeavor to sustain my contention with proofs and opinions of greater men than myself, though possibly not greater nor more eminent than the General. Any student of history knows that "the protective policy of the Republican party" is not an invention of that party, but had an existence for hundreds of years before its time. Grattan, Flood, Ponsonby Curran, the volunteers of '82, and their compatriots of that glorious, bright brief era, are universally regarded as champions of liberty and not as men who would be guilty of "subverting the very principles of liberty," and yet they, almost at the bayonet's point, compelled England to submit to Protective tariff and bounty laws passed by the Irish parliament of that year. It will be noticed that this was about seven years before the enactment of the first American Protective tariff law in 1789. Every Irishman knows that the history of Ireland from 1782 to 1801 shows an advance in wealth, prosperity and industry for which a parallel can only be found in America under kindred laws.

This prosperity was so great as to arouse the jealousy of the English government and people who determined to crush it out in blood; to effect this brutal purpose Ireland was crowded with spies, the cold-blooded, cowardly Orange yeomanry were turned loose, and crimes were perpetrated by those hell hounds on the innocent people at which humanity shudders. Goaded to desperation, the tortured peasantry arose and almost unarmed turned on their oppressors. For a year (one of the most glorious in our history) a small fraction of our forefathers fought and held at bay 127,000 British bayonets, and only yielded when utter exhaustion overcame their heroic spirits, and their best and bravest had died on the battlefield and the gibbet, or were confined in England's prison hells. It was then when poor Ireland was pinned to the earth by the enemy's bayonets, when terror like a pall of death hung over the land, and England like an incarnate fiend stood on her victim's paostrate, bleeding body; it was then, I say, that England's doubly damned system of Free Trade was forced on our unwilling people in that unholy instrument which the great Byron denounced as "the union of the shark with its victim." And even as America's prosperity disappeared when the Democratic Free Traders were elected, so did Ireland's prosperity die the death which has known no resurrection when English Free Trade was forced upon her. Probably the General would say that Ireland attempted to "grow oranges" in her uncongenial soil "when she could have produced crops that would have paid without artificial forcing," and that she was justly punished for not confining her efforts to raising bread stuffs and fat cattle to glut the voracious maw of the English cormorants. Men whose love for Ireland is only equalled by their hatred of England repudiate this cowardly, degrading doctrine, and will not cease denouncing it, both here and at home, in defiance of England and her Free Trade allies in America. But this is too tempting a subject for me to dwell longer on, and I now turn to America to inquire who in this country supported "the Protective policy which is subversive of the very principles of liberty?" Of course, the General knows that previous to our Revolution, England brutally repressed the slightest attempts at establishing manufacturing industries; she, as the General would say, was growing oranges, and she determined that America must not engage in that business, and while her "fejon flag" waved over the colonies her policy was eminently successful.

For many years the people chafed under her despotic rule, but the Revolution came, and, thank God, was successful. Still, though liberty rewarded the sublime sacrifices of the embattled peasantry, prosperity did not come. I need not tell an eminent citizen like the General why it did not come, but as some of your readers may not have given this part of our history as much attention as he has, I will submit a few citations from authors contemporaneous with the above events and others. I invite the earnest attention to the following, as they are exceedingly appropriate to our present condition. It will be seen by a little study that history is repeating itself, and that like causes produce like effects the world over.

Mr. Mathew Carey, an Irish exile, who witnessed the scenes he describes in his valuable work, "The New Olive Branch," says:

"The ports of this country were open to the commerce of the world. The consequences followed which never fail to follow such a state of things. Our markets were glutted. Prices fell. Competition on the part of our manufacturers was at an end. They were beggared and bankrupted; and the farmers who had felicitated themselves on the grand advantage of buying foreign merchandise cheap sunk likewise in the same vortex. The recesses of Monmouth street, London, and Plunket street, Dublin, the receptacles of cast-off clothing, were emptied of a portion of their contents for the American market. Workmen were reduced to beggary. The payment for the foreign rubbish exhausted the country of nearly all its specie, immense quantities of which had been introduced to pay the French armies."

George Bancroft, on page 432, volume 1, History of the Constitution, paints the picture of this period (1785) even a darker shade when he says: "It is certain that the English have the trade of these states almost wholly in their hands; whereby their influence must increase; and a constantly increasing scarcity of money begins to be felt, since no ship sails hence to England without large sums of money on board, especially the English packet-boats, which monthly take with them between forty and fifty pounds sterling."

Again, on page 439, we find this: "The scarcity of money makes the produce of the country cheap, to the disappointment of the farmers and the discouragement of husbandry. Thus the two classes, merchants and farmers, that divide nearly all America, are discontented and distressed."

Hildreth's history, pages 465-68, volume 3, speaking of this period, writes this true but terrible indictment: "The large importation of foreign goods, subject to little or no duty, and sold at peace prices, was proving ruinous to all those domestic manufactures and mechanical employments which the non-consumption agreements and the war had created and fostered. Immediately after the peace the country had been flooded with imported goods, and debts had been unwarily contracted for which there was no means to pay."

Our imports from Great Britain alone were $30,000,000 in 1784-85, while our exports to her were only $9,000,000—a frightful balance on the wrong side. They drained us of our last dollar and left us, for a circulating medium, only orders on state tax collectors and depreciated certificates of state and federal debt, themselves worthless.

"Depreciation seized upon every species of property. Legal pressure to enforce payment of debts caused alarming sacrifices of both personal and real estate; spread distress far and wide among the masses of the people; aroused in the hearts of the sufferers the bitterest feelings against lawyers, the courts and the whole creditor class; led to a popular clamor for stay-laws and various other radical measures of supposed relief, and finally filled the whole land with excitement, apprehension and sense of weakness, and a tendency to despair of the Republic. Inability to pay even necessary taxes became general, and often these could be collected only by levy and the sale of the homestead."—*Mason.*

The distress became universal and calamitous. In the District of Maine a convention was held for the purpose of revolting from the State of Massachusetts. In New Hampshire the people surrounded the building where the legislature was in session and declared that it should not adjourn till it had passed measures to abolish debt, or to relieve the people in some way or other. In Massachusetts fully one-third of the population joined in Shay's Rebellion on account of the abject poverty and distress of the people, and nothing less than military force was able to repress all these lawless demonstrations and revolts.

The French minister at that period, after relating the foregoing disturbances, adds "It must be agreed that these insurrections are, in a great part, due to the scarcity of specie."

In Connecticut more than five hundred farms were offered for sale for arrears of taxes, which the owners were too poor to pay; and in Pennsylvania, North Carolina and South Carolina matters were scarcely any better. There was no market for real estate, and debtors who were compelled to sell their lands were ruined, without paying one-fourth of the demands against them.

It was generally understood and agreed, by the writers and statesmen of that distressful period, that the widespread and almost universal ruin which then involved the states in general disorder, revolt and rebellion, were in great part, if not wholly, due to the scarcity of specie, or good money.

In his "History of the Insurrection," Minot regards as one of the leading causes that led to those troubles: "The loss of many markets to which Americans had formerly resorted with their produce. Thus was the usual means of remittance by articles of the growth of the country almost annihilated, and little else than specie remained to answer the demands incurred by importations. The money, of course, was drawn off, and this being inadequate to the purpose of discharging the whole amount of foreign contracts, the rest was chiefly sunk by the bankruptcies of the importers.

But the scarcity of specie, or money, was due, as has already been shown, to the Free Trade policy of that period, which allowed and encouraged such enormous excess of imports over exports, and thus necessitated the withdrawal of the gold and silver from the country to pay such excess.

"Had there been no Free Trade, there would have been no inundation of foreign goods; had there been no inundation of foreign goods, there would have been no drain of specie, there would have been no lack of a circulating medium; had there been no such distress, there would have been no impulse toward insubordination to the state."—*Mason.*

Consequently, it follows legitimately, that Free Trade was the principal source or cause of the widespread discontent, distress, and the demoralization of that period.

Daniel Webster, in a speech on July 8, 1833, affirmed the truth of the foregoing statements when he said: "From the close of the War of the Revolution there came a period of depression and distress, on the Atlantic coast, such as the people had hardly felt during the sharpest crisis of the war itself. Shipowners, shipbuilders, mechanics, artisans, all were destitute of employment, and some of them destitute of bread. British ships came freely, and British ships came plentifully; while to American ships and American products there was neither Protection on the one side, nor the equivalent of reciprocal Free Trade on the other. The cheaper labor of England supplied the inhabitants of the Atlantic shores with everything. Ready-made clothes, among the rest, from the crown of the head to the sole of the feet, were for sale in every city. All these things came free from any general system of imposts. Some of the states attempted to establish their own [illegible]

My countrymen, there we find the horrible condition of our young Republic under a system of absolute Free Trade, that same system of which General McMahon and his party are so enamored. This lamentable state of affairs was due entirely to the imbecile "Confederation" under which the just liberated country almost fell back into the grasp of England again. A mere rope of sand held the states together. States rights, that fruitful source of nearly all the evils the country has suffered from the first Confederacy to the last were then in full force. Every state was sovereign and independent of the others. There was neither President, Senate nor Supreme Council. The Continental Congress had power to make laws, but no power to enforce them. Even during the war the levies laid on the states were never paid. New York and one or two other states were the only states who paid their quotas. No general tariff law was either enacted or enforced. The absence of a tariff is the presence of Free Trade, and the above quotations give a slight idea of the results. America was ruined, bankrupted and beggared, and England revelled in our ruin. She always did, she always will and there are always Irishmen ready to help our common enemy to build up her industries on the destruction of ours. Speak the truth though the heavens fall.

A. L. MORRISON.

SEVENTH REGIMENT NOTES.

By order of the adjutant-general the Seventh Infantry will report at Camp Lincoln, near Springfield, on July 24, for their annual instruction.

At an election in Company C, on Feb. 8, Captain Sullivan presiding, Second Lieutenant Thomas McDermott was elected first lieutenant, and Sergeant Patrick Roddy second lieutenant.

The Second Battalion, which consists of companies A, B, D and F, reported for drill on Feb. 11. The battalion made a very creditable showing, which is in a great measure due to the untiring energy of Major G. Carroll, who is in command. Lieut. Moran was battalion adjutant.

Battalion drills will be more frequent than they have been in the past.

LOCAL CATHOLIC NEWS.

The Third Order of St. Francis will meet Sunday afternoon in St. Peter's church.

The devotions in St. Bridget's church during Lent will be on Wednesday, Friday and Sunday evenings.

The Rev. Father Mulcourry, S.J., will preach a mission to young men in the Holy Family church beginning Sunday night.

A mission will begin Sunday in the Sacred Heart church to continue two weeks. The first week will be for women and the second week for men. The Rev. Fathers Moeller and Finnegan, well known Jesuit priests, will conduct the exercises.

Regular services are now held in St. Monica's colored church, Thirty-fifth and Dearborn streets. Mass on Sundays at 7:30 and 10:30 in the morning and vespers at 7:30 in the evening. During Lent the devotions will take place at 7:30 o'clock in the evening on Wednesday, Friday and Sunday.

TUBBER DERG.

The Misfortunes and Triumphs of Owen McCarthy, an Irish Tenant Farmer.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

Author of "Willy Reilly," "Valentine McClutchy," "The Black Baronet," "The Evil Eye," Etc., Etc.

[CONTINUED.]

"Now, Kathleen," said Owen, when preparing for his immediate departure, "I'm thinkin' of what they'll say, when they see me so smooth and warm-lookin'. I'll engage they'll be axin' one another, Musha, how did Owen McCarthy get an, at all, to be so well to do in the world, as he appears to be, afther failin' on his ould farm?"

"Well, but Owen, you know how to manage them."

"Troth, I do that. But there is one thing they'll never get out o' me, any way."

"You won't tell that to any o' them, Owen?"

"Kathleen, if I thought they only suspected it, I'd never show my face in Tubber Derg agin. I think I could bear to be—an' yet it 'ud be a hard struggle wid me too—but I think I could bear to be buried among black strangers, rather that it should be said, over my grave, among my own, 'there's where Owen McCarthy lies—who was the only man, of his name, that ever begged his morsel on the king's highway. There he lies, the descendant of the great McCarthy Mores, an' yet he was a beggar.' I know, Kathleen achora, its neither a sin or a shame to ax one's bit from our fellow creatures, whin fairly brought to it, widout any fault of our own; but still I feel something in me, that can't bear to think of it, widout shame an' heaviness of heart."

"Well, it's one comfort, that nobody knows it but ourselves. The poor childhre, for their own sakes, won't ever breathe it; so that it's likely the sacret i'll be berried wid us."

"I hope so, acushla. Does this coat sit aisy atween the shoulders? I feel it catch me a little."

"The sorra nicer. There; it was only your waistcoat that was turned down in the collar. Here—hould your arm. There now—it wanted to be pulled down a little at the cuffs. Owen, it's a beauty; an' I think I have a good right to be proud of it, for it's every thread my own spinnin'."

"How do I look in it, Kathleen: Tell me thruth, now."

"Troth, you're twenty years younger; the never a day less."

"I think I needn't be ashamed to go afore my ould friends, in it, anyway. Now bring me my staff from undher the bee above; an', in the name o' God, I'll set out."

"Which o' them, Owen? Is it the oak or the blackthorn?"

"The oak, acushla. Oh, no; not the blackthorn. It's it that I brought to Dublin wid me, the unlucky thief, an' that I had while we wor *a shaughran*. Divil a one o' me bud 'ud blush in the face, if I brought it even in my hand afore them. The oak, ahagur; the oak. You'll get it atween the foot o' the bed an' the wall."

When Kathleen placed the staff in his hand, he took off his hat and blessed himself, then put it on, looked at his wife, and said—"Now darlin', in the name o' God I'll go. Husht, avillish machree, don't be cryin'; sure I'll be back to you in a week."

"Och! I can't help it, Owen. Sure this is the second time you war ever away from me more nor a day; an' I'm thinkin' of what happened both to you an' me, the first time you wint. Owen, acushla, I feel that if anything happened you, I'd break my heart."

"Arrah, what 'ud happen me, darlin' wid God to protect me? Now, God be wid you Kathleen dheelish, till I come back to you wid good news, I hope. I'm not goin' in sickness an' misery, as I wint afore, to see a man that wouldn't hear my appale to him; an' I'm lavin' you comfortable, agrah, an' wantin' for nothin'. Sure its only about five-an-twenty miles from this—a mere step. The good God bless an' take care of you, my darlin' wife, till I come home to you!"

He kissed the tears that streamed from her eyes; and, hemming several times, pressed her hand, his face rather averted, then grasped his staff, and commenced his journey.

Scenes like this were important events to our humble couple. Life, when untainted by the crimes and artificial manners which destroy its purity, is a beautiful thing to contemplate among the virtuous poor; and, where the current of affection runs deep and smooth, the slightest incident will agitate it. So was it with Owen McCarthy and his wife. Simplicity, truth, and affection, constituted their character. In them there was no complication of incongruous elements. The order of their virtues was not broken, nor the purity of their affections violated, by the anomalous blending together of opposing principles, such as are to be found in those who are involuntarily contaminated by the corruption of human society.

Owen had not gone far, when Kathleen called to him: "Owen, ahagur—stand, darlin'; but don't come back a step, for fraid o' bad luck."

"Did I forget anything, Kathleen?" he inquired. "Let me see; sure I have my beads an' my tobaccy box, an' my two clane shirts an' handkerchers in the bundle. What is it, acushla?"

"I needn't be axin' you, for I know you wouldn't forget it; but for fraid you might—Owen, whin you're at Tubber Derg, go to little Alley's grave, an' look at it: an' bring me back word how it appears. You might get it cleaned up, if there's weeds or anything growin' upon it; an' Owen, would you bring me a bit o' the clay, tied up in your pocket. Whin you're there, spake to her; tell her it was the lovin' mother that bid you, an' say anything that you'd think might keep her aisy, an' give her pleasure. Tell her we're not now as we wor whin she was wid us; that we don't feel hunger, nor cowld, nor want; an' that nothin' is a throuble to us, barrin' that we miss her—ay, even yet—*a suillish machree* that she was—that we miss her fair face an' goolden hair from among us. Tell her this; an' tell her it was the lovin' mother that said it, an' that sint the message to her."

"I'll do it all, Kathleen; I'll do it all—all. An' now go in, darlin', and don't be frettin'. Maybe we'll soon be near her, plase, God, where we can see the place she sleeps in, often."

They then separated again; and Owen, considerajly affected by the maternal tenderness of his wife, proceeded on his journey. He had not, actually, even at the period of his leaving home, been able to determine on what particular friend he should first call. That his welcome would be hospitable, nay, enthusiastically so, he was certain. In the meantime he vigorously pursued his journey; and partook neither of refreshment nor rest, until he arrived, a little after dusk, at a turn of the well known road, which, had it been daylight, would have opened to him a view of Tubber Derg. He looked toward the beeches, however, under which it stood; but to gain a sight of it was impossible. His road now lying a little to the right, he turned to the house of his sterling friend, Frank Farrell, who had given him and his family shelter and support, when he was driven, without remorse, from his own holding. In a short time he reached Frank's residence, and felt a glow of sincere satisfaction at finding the same air of comfort and warmth about it as formerly. Through the kitchen window he saw the strong light of the blazing fire, and heard, ere he presented himself, the loud hearty laugh of his friend's wife, precisely as light and animated as it had been fifteen years before.

Owen lifted the latch and entered, with that fluttering of the pulse which every man feels on meeting with a friend, after an interval of many yeors.

"Musha, good people, can ye tell me is Frank Farrell at home?"

"Why, thin, he's not jist widin now, but he'll be here in no times entirely," replied one of his daughters; "Won't you sit down, honest man, an' we'll sind for him."

"I'm thankful to you," said Owen. "I'll sit, sure enough, till he comes in."

Why thin!—eh! it must—it *can* be no no other!" exclaimed Farrell's wife, bringing over a candle and looking Owen earnestly in the face; "sure I'd know that voice all the world over! Why, thin, marciful Father—Owen McCarthy—Owen McCarthy, is it your four quarthers that's livin' an' well? Queen o' heaven, Owen McCarthy darlin', you're welcome!" the word was here interrupted by a hearty kiss from the kind housewife;—"welcome a thousand an' a thousand times! *Vick no hoiah!* Owen dear, an' are you livin' at all? An' Kathleen, Owen an' the childhre, an' all of yez—an' how are they?"

"Throth, we're livin' an' well, Bridget; never was betther, thanks be to God an' you, in our lives."

Owen was now surrounded by such of Farrell's children as were old enough to remember him; every one of whom he shook hands with, and kissed.

"Why, thin, the Lord save my sowl, Bridget," said he; "are these the little bouchaleens an' colleens that were runnin' about my feet whin I was here afore? Well, to be sure! How they do shoot up! An' is this Atty?"

"No: but *this* is Atty, Owen; faix Brian outgrew him; an' here's Mary, and this is Bridget Oge."

"Well!—well! But, where did these two young shoots come from? this boy an' the colleen here? They worn't to the fore, in my time, Bridget."

"This is Owen, called after yourself—an' this is Kathleen. I needn't tell you who she was called afther."

"*Gutsho alanna? thurm pogue?*—come here, child, and kiss me," said Owen to his little namesake; "an' sure I can't forget the little woman here; *gutsho*, a colleen, and kiss me too."

Owen took her on his knee, and kissed her twice.

"Och, but, poor Kathleen," said he, "will be the proud woman of this, when she hears it; in throth she will be that."

"Arrah! what's a-comin' over me!" said Mrs. Farrell. "Brian, run up to Mickey Lowrie's, for your father. An' see, Brian, don't say who's wantin' him, till we give him a start. Mary, come here, acushla," she added to her eldest daughter in a whisper—"take these two bottles an' fly up to Peggy Finigan's for the full o' them o' whisky. Now be back before you're there, or if you don't, that I mightn't, but you'll see what you'll get. Fly, aroon, an' don't let the grass grow undher your feet. An' Owen darlin—but first sit over to the fire—here, get over this side, it's the snuggest; —arrah, Owen—an' sure I dunna what to ask you first. You're all well? all to the fore."

"All well, Bridget, an' thanks be to heaven, all to the fore."

',Glory be to God! Throth it warms my heart to hear it. An' the childhre's all up finely, boys an' girls?"

"Throth, they are, Bridget, as good lookin' a family o' childhre as you'd wish to see. An' what is betther, they're as good as they're good lookin'."

"Throth, they couldn't but be that, if they tuck at all afther their father an' mother. Bridget, aroon, rub the pan betther—an' lay the knife down, I'll cut the bacon myself, but go an' get a dozen o' the freshest eggs;—an' Kathleen, Owen, how does poor Kathleen look? Does she stand as well as yourself?"

"As young as ever you seen her. God help her!—a thousand degrees betther than whin you seen her last."

"An' well to do, Owen?—now tell the truth? Ooh, musha, I forget who I'm spakin' to, or I wouldn't disremimber the ould sayin' that's abroad this many a year:—'who ever knew a McCarthy of Tubber Derg to tell a lie, break his word, or refuse to help a friend in distress.' But, Owen, you're well to do in the world?"

"We're as well, Bridget, or may be betther, nor you ever knew us, except, indeed, afore the ould lase was run out wid us."

"God be praised agin! Musha, turn round a little, Owen, for 'fraid Frank 'ud get too clear a sight of your face at first. Arrah, do you think he'll know you? Och, to be sure he will; I needn't ax. Your voice would tell upon you, any day."

"Know me! Indeed Frank 'ud know my shadow. He'll know me with half a look."

And Owen was right, for quickly did the eye of his old friend recognize him, despite of the little plot that was laid to try his penetration. To describe their interview would be to repeat the scene we have already attempted to depict between Owen and Mrs. Farrell. No sooner were the rites of hospitality performed, than the tide of conversation began to flow with greater freedom. Owen ascertained one important fact, which we will here mention, because it produces, in a great degree, the want of anything like an independent class of yeomanry in the country. On inquiring after his old acquaintances, he discovered that a great many of them, owing to high rents, had emigrated to America. They belonged to that class of independent farmers, who, after the expiration of their old leases, finding the little capital they had saved beginning to diminish, in consequence of rents which they could not pay, deemed it more prudent, while anything remained in their hands, to seek a country where capital and industry might be made available. Thus did the landlords, by their mismanagement and neglect, absolutely drive off their estates the only men who, if properly encouraged, were capable of becoming the strength and pride of the country. It is this system, joined to the curse of middlemen and sub-letting, which has left the country without any third grade of decent substantial yeomen, who might stand as a bond of peace between the highest and the lowest classes. It is this which has split the kingdom into two divisions, constituting the extreme ends of society—the wealthy and the wretched. If this third class existed, Ireland would neither be so political nor discontented as she is: but on the contrary, more remarkable for peace and industry. At present, the lower classes, being too poor, are easily excited by those who promise them a better order of things than that which exists. These theorists step into the exercise of that legitimate influence which the landed proprietors have lost by their neglect. There is no middle class in the country, who can turn round to them and say. "Our circumstances are easy, we want nothing; carry your promises to the poor, for that which you hold forth to *their* hopes, *we* enjoy in reality." The poor soldier, who, because he was wretched, volunteered to go on the forlorn hope, made a fortune; but when asked if he would go on a second enterprise of a similar kind, shrewdly replied: "General, I am *now* an independent man; send some *poor* devil on your forlorn hope who wants to make a fortune."

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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A GREAT DISCOVERY.

PRACTICAL PHOTOGRAPHY WITHOUT LIGHT OR LENS.

A Picture Taken by Electrical Action Only. Hertz's Experiments Rivaled by a Professor In the Leland Stanford, Jr., University.

Clerk Maxwell's electro magnetic theory of light received striking confirmation seven or eight years ago when Heinrich Hertz performed a number of experiments in which electrical waves were made to imitate the conduct of light waves in several particulars. This gifted investigator, now connected with the University of Bonn, concentrated the rays to a focus with a parabolic mirror. Refraction as well as reflection was accomplished. Electricity, proceeding in straight lines, was diverted from its course by a prism of pitch. The phenomena of interference and polarization were also reproduced.

It is now announced that a photograph has been taken by using electricity instead of light, and if this story is true then additional evidence will have been afforded as to the kinship of these two forces or forms of force, Hertz, it will be observed, only showed that the electrical radiance conformed to mechanical laws which are known to control life, but photography introduces the element of chemical action, so that this later achievement, if it proves to be all that it seems, is one of the most remarkable revelations of our day.

Professor Fernando Sanford, who claims to have attained this wonderful result and who gives some account of it to the San Francisco Examiner, occupies the chair of physics in Leland Stanford, Jr., university and is one of the youngest members of the faculty of that institution. As the story appears over his own signature, and he intimates that he has repeated the experiment several times, there is little room for doubt as to the genuineness of the occurrence described. Professor Sanford obtained his picture in the dark without even a lens in the following manner:

It is well known that when two brass rods connected with the sides of the battery or placed in the secondary circuit of an induction coil are brought close enough together a spark will fly from one to the other. If to each rod, a short distance from the knobs in which they terminate, a copper wire be attached and the two wires be led off to suitable metal plates placed facing each other, but not quite touching, an electrical oscillation will occur between the plates whenever there is a discharge between the knobs. Now, Professor Sanford substituted a coin, the object to be photographed, for one of the plates of such a pair, and laid it face downward upon a thin sheet of mica, which in turn rested on the sensitive gelatin film of a glass photographic plate.

Tinfoil was arranged on the other side of the glass and took the place of the other metal plate of the pair. This combination was now placed between two boards and left in the dark for an hour, during which time a series of sparks were flying from one knob to the other of the discharger across an interval of one-sixteenth of an inch. Upon developing his sensitive plate Professor Sanford had an image of his coin—that is, of the portions in relief on that side which was in contact with the mica. The Examiner prints a copy of the picture, a positive, which shows the Liberty head, date, inscription "E Pluribus Unum," circle of stars and raised edge in white on a dark background.

Professor Sanford does not enter into a discussion of the theories involved, but he mentions that the tinfoil was not only of the same size as the coin (a silver dollar), but placed directly opposite. Apparently electro magnetic waves flowed from the coin to the tinfoil, but preferring the shortest route radiated mainly or exclusively from the raised part of the dollar. They seem to have proceeded in straight lines too; otherwise the chemical action on the film would not have been confined so accurately to regions directly opposite the pattern.

Right here it should be noted that Hertz discovered in his experiments that the induced magnetic radiance excited in the manner described, and now called "Hertzian waves" in honor of that now famous physicist, had this remarkable trait not possessed by a primary electrical current: Good "conductors," like copper or other metals, being interposed would stop them, but they would go right through wood and other so called "insulators." Hence in Professor Sanford's experiment the mica and glass were evidently no barriers to the passage of the particular kind of electricity produced.

Although it does not at first appear clearly what practical applications of this discovery can be made, it is not improbable that uses will be found for it. The indirect consequences are sure to be valuable as well as interesting.—New York Tribune.

Negro Logic.

A robbery had been committed in a Virginia town. The finger of suspicion pointed to a negro servant, and he was arraigned before the local justice, who happened to be the negro's old master, to whom he was still intensely loyal.

He made no defense or denial as the judge laid the evidence point by point against him, and sentence was about to be pronounced when suddenly the real culprit was discovered.

"Why didn't you say you didn't do it, George?" asked the justice.

"Why," said the faithful old servant, "you's a hones' man, judge, an if you say I is the man den I is the man, but you see I ain't the man."—Exchange.

Nine Points of the Law.

Success in law requires, first, a good deal of money; second, a good deal of patience; third, a good cause; fourth, a good lawyer; fifth, a good counsel; sixth, good witnesses; seventh, a good jury; eighth, a good judge, and, ninth, good luck.—New York Evening World.

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DESPERATE, BUT FUTILE.

A Well Laid Scheme For Liberating Two Convicts on Their Way to Prison.

"I never understood," remarked a general passenger agent while discussing a recent train robbery, "how it was that a whole trainful of people would allow themselves to be held up by one or two bandits till some years ago, when I was making a trip over the Michigan Central road. Then the mystery was explained to me. I was on my way from Detroit to Chicago and had taken a seat in the smoking car to enjoy my cigar.

"At the time the smoking cars of the Michigan Central were equipped with comfortable revolving chairs. Shortly after taking my seat I noticed that there were two convicts aboard. They were in charge of two deputies and were being conveyed from Detroit to the state prison at Jackson. They sat there talking to their guards complacently as if they had been going to some more agreeable entertainment. All went well until Ypsilanti was reached. Half way between that place and Ann Arbor is a small road crossing named Geddes. As we approached it an ordinary looking passenger went through the car in a careless manner, rolling his eyes from side to side, casually inspecting the occupants of the car. When he reached the prisoners, he pulled a whisky flask from his pocket and in an offhand way remarked: 'Here, you fellows, have a drink. It will be a long time before you have another.'

"The convicts accepted the invitation, took a good long pull from the bottle and handed it back to their apparently chance acquaintance, who pocketed it and passed into the next car. Hardly had he disappeared when the convicts, with a motion quick as flash, pulled two revolvers from somewhere on the seats beside them and presented them at their guards. Before any one in the car had time to realize what was taking place those revolvers were going bang! bang! just as fast as the triggers could be pulled. The only men who appeared to have any presence of mind were the two deputies. They had seen the two revolvers coming, and by some dexterous move managed to strike up the convicts' arms so that the balls, instead of striking the victims for whom they were intended, passed through the roof of the car. While the scuffle was at its height the bellrope was pulled in some mysterious manner, and the train came to a dead stop at the crossroads near Geddes station, where a fast team of horses hitched to a light wagon was standing. By the time the train stopped, though, the convicts had been overpowered by their guards, but not until 18 shots had been fired.

"The whole thing was evidently a concerted scheme to liberate the convicts. The man with the whisky flask was an ally, and his tender of the whisky was a signal that everything was ready and the time for action had come. The attempt at escape fortunately failed, but if you had seen that car while the shots were being fired you could readily have understood how easily a few armed robbers overpower a train. Every chair in the car was vacant, and the former occupants were crouching in corners or wherever they could hide themselves behind some object that might stop a bullet. When everything was quiet again and the convicts were in irons, no less than 15 men were counted coming from the dressing room of that smoking car."—Chicago Post.

Can Hire Everything.

Do you know that you can hire almost everything necessary for your house, your table and yourself when you want to give a reception? Heirlooms can be got by the evening, and quite reasonably, from curio dealers. Cut glass and old silver, spindle chairs, rugs, etc., just the very thing that will have a nice, old time look about them, can be had. Likewise, old bottles are fixed up and common wine is decanted into them and sold to people who are perfectly aware of the fraud. It is a wonder, one host confessed to me, the influence a bottle will have on people. Let the bottle have nice cobwebs on it and a good brand, and they will believe the stuff that comes out of the bottle is good too.

A certain lady who entertains a great deal explains that she never uses her "family silver" except on special occasions, and that she keeps it in the safe deposit meanwhile, but at least one other lady knows this is fiction, because the same other lady is in the habit of hiring the same "family silver" for her affairs, and has once or twice had to postpone them because No. 1 had the stuff engaged ahead for the same date.—New York Journal.

An Ingenious Clock.

A clock of ingenious mechanism has been completed by C. E. Shearer of Schuylerville, N. Y., after two years' work. The case represents an arsenal. It is 3 feet 6 inches high, has several balconies and piazzas and a tower in which is a bell. On either side of the entrance door is a miniature brass cannon mounted on trucks. The works are automatically musical, playing a different tune every half hour. Each time the music plays a trumpeter on horseback rides out of the lower front door and remains until it ceases. Then he re-enters, and the bell in the tower rings.—New York Telegram.

De Maupassant's Heiress.

A little lady of 6, Mlle. Simone de Maupassant, inherits the bulk of the property left by the famous author, Guy de Maupassant. She is the daughter of a brother of the novelist, and her pretty winning ways gained the heart of the bachelor uncle, who made a will in her favor when he first began to suffer from the pitiful malady that has deprived French literature of one of its brightest ornaments.—New York News.

A Lost Fisherman's Story.

"I had been fishing for trout one day in a North Carolina mountain stream," said a sportsman, "and was entirely unsuccessful. Upon trying to reach camp I became lost and took refuge for the night in a small cave near Grandfather mountain. The cave was dry and comfortable, and making a pillow of my coat I soon fell asleep. The next morning I was awakened by something pulling at the coat, and opening my eyes saw that it was a cub bear.

"A few feet distant was a large bear sitting on its haunches and another cub playing around her. I had no weapon of any kind and was completely at the mercy of the animal, but she was not in the humor to dispose of me just then. She sat watching the cub as it pulled at my coat, and I was careful to make no motions that might be considered as hostile. For two or three hours we looked at each other, and then the mother bear ambled off with her two cubs, and I beat a hasty retreat."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Pleasant Man to Interview.

Professor Felix Adler, the founder of the Ethical Culture society, is a most pleasant gentleman to interview. He says that he has found the newspaper man to be honorable in the highest degree, and that he has never found it necessary to indicate what part of his conversation is intended for publication and what part is to be considered as purely personal. This of course means that Professor Adler does not limit himself in an interview to the matter directly in hand. He is not unwilling to speak of things that are entirely too personal for publication and will give an elaborate discourse on metaphysics to his interviewer and not express the least shade of doubt as to its being correctly put down.—Chicago Post.

Blindness Not Necessary.

Simkins was speaking about his visit to the blind asylum, and he wound up by saying what fun it would be to have some of the blind men as fellow boarders. "It would be rich," he said, "to put a cup of hot water before them and to see them gravely drink it, supposing it tea or coffee." "Awfully funny," said Mrs. Simkins. Then she thought and abruptly concluded by remarking, "Mr. Simkins, you're a fool."—Pick Me Up.

The Earth's Girdle.

The most widely separated points between which a telegram can be sent are British Columbia and New Zealand. The telegram would cross North America, Newfoundland, the Atlantic, England, Germany, Russia (European and Asiatic), China, Japan, Java and Australia. It would make nearly a circuit of the globe and would traverse over 20,000 miles in doing so.—Boston Globe.

SWEPT BY A BLIZZARD.

BOREAS TAKES A FROLIC THROUGH SEVERAL STATES.

The Howling Snowstorm Sweeps Down Upon Chicago with the Wind at Seventy Miles an Hour and Snowflakes as Sharp as Needles—The Record Broken.

CHICAGO, Feb. 13.—A blizzard that is sweeping the country in a northeasterly direction struck Chicago shortly after 4 o'clock in the morning and by 6 a howling storm rendered travel on the streets well nigh impossible. Wind at seventy miles an hour, driving snow, flakes like needles, and the thermometer falling rapidly—such was the situation Chicagans found. The wind was strong all night but long toward 4 o'clock it suddenly increased in force and an hour later a small cyclone was on the city. By 6 snow was falling and with snow and wind and a falling thermometer Chicago was being treated to a first-class blizzard. It was the edge of the same storm which swept over Kansas City and is now raging in the Ohio valley.

Worst They Ever Saw.

Policemen on the corners said the blizzard was far and away the worst they had ever experienced. For hours hurricane blasts, laden with fine driving snow, swept through the streets and around the corners of the high office buildings to the distress of the pedestrians and ruination of their wearing apparel. On the leeward side of every corner near a tall building a great crowd of men and boys massed and with whoops, yells and shouts of laughter greeted the struggles and contortions of the passer-by who attempted to cross the street. A hundred-mile-an-hour blast would ever and anon skate off the roof of a twenty-story building, shoot down into the street and blow patriotic Chicagoans about as if they were cut out of tissue paper. Striking the ground, the cyclone would shoot into the air in a whirlwind. Round and round, ascending with hurricane velocity, it shot straight upward, carrying along such trophies as hats, umbrellas, shawls and veils.

Reports from Other Localities.

Reports received here from points in southern Illinois, southern and central Indiana, Missouri in general, and Arkansas, give the same story, the heaviest snow of the season with wind in a majority of cases drifting the deposit badly. Fort Smith, Ark., reports rising streams with rail and wagon roads suffering thereby. From Olathe, Kan., comes news of the death by exposure of A. M. Hansmere of St. Louis. Incoming trains are very seriously delayed, some being four or five hours and even more later.

ALL RECORDS BROKEN.

The Blizzard Raged for Twenty-four Hours at Kansas City.

KANSAS CITY, Feb. 13.—After continuing for twenty-four hours and breaking all records kept by the local wether bureau the blizzard suspended operations so far as the snow accompaniment was concerned. A brisk wind still blows from the north, though the mercury is not low, being 14 degress above zero. The indications are for much colder weather.

The snow lies sixteen inches on the level and is badly drifted. All street car traffic is suspended and the fortunate possessors of carriages and sleighs of every description gathered a silver harvest in quarters and half dollars by conveying persons of both sexes from their home to their places of business. Not one street car line in the city is running. All trains both from the east and west are greatly delayed.

In the state of Kansas the storm was similar to that in this city and was fully as energetic. The heaviest fall of snow occurred in the eastern portion of the state and the lightest fall in the western. In the eastern portion the snow lies from twelve to sixteen inches deep, while in the western portion the depth is from seven to twelve inches. Street car and railroad travel is almost suspended throughout the state.

Trains in Kansas Snowbound.

FORT SCOTT, Feb. 13.—The heaviest snow that has fallen in southern Kansas for many years lays upon the ground. The trains are all delayed and many are bound in snow banks. The Missouri Pacific passenger which left here was snowbound on a hill near Moran, and three engines were sent out from this city to pull it back, but neither of the engines have yet returned, and it is thought that they are also tied up, as they went out during the blinding storm. Many trains due here have not arrived, and those which have are from twelve to sixteen hours late.

The Blizzard at St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 13.—Snow began falling here and continued throughout the night until morning, when about ten inches of the "beautiful" had come down. Reports received show that the storm is general throughout Missouri and surrounding states. Railroad traffic is badly delayed, nearly all trains being from one to four hours late. The local observer at the weather bureau issued a cold wave bulletin and predicts a fall of 30 degrees in the temperature. This will place the mercury 10 degrees below zero.

The Blizzard Reaches Ohio.

CLEVELAND, Feb. 13.—The blizzard which raged with such severity throughout the west has reach this city. A fierce gale accompanied by a heavy fall of fine, cutting snow is in progress, and the storm promises to be a most severe one. At noon the street car service was demoralized, only an occasional car managing to get through the heavy snow drifts. On the Lake Shore road trains were reported as more or less delayed from the west, with a prospect of serious blockades.

In Northern Indiana.

HAMMOND, Ind., Feb. 13.—A fierce snowstorm has been raging here. The snow is now nearly two feet deep and no signs of abating. High winds prevail and the snow is drifting badly. Traffic was still open at noon on the trunk lines, but travel on the street car lines has been suspended. Reports from other points in northern Indiana indicate blockades. In-coming trains are very late. The wires on the Nickle Plate are all down south of this place.

Cut in Wages at St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 12.—The statement is made that the St. Louis Stamping company operating ex-Congressman Neideringhaus' tinplate plant has cut the wages of its employes. Employes state that the cut is 10 to 15 per cent.

For a Greater New York.

ALBANY, N. Y., Feb. 9.—The greater New York bill passed in the assembly—yeas 108, nay 7. The bill provides for the consolidation of New York and Brooklyn.

IN HONOR OF LINCOLN.

Keeping Green the Memory of the Martyred President.

CHICAGO, Feb. 12.—The anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's birth was observed in Chicago by the closing of all the courts, public offices, and banks, and the holding of memorial exercises in many places throughout the city appropriate to the occasion. The seventh general celebration

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
[From portrait taken in 1860.]

was held at the Auditorium, where Dr. Robert McIntyre of Denver delivered the principal address, which was followed by a musical programme of some length. M. E. Cole made an address at the Y. M. C. A. branch, No. 543 Monroe street. During the afternoon musical and literary exercises were held in all of the public schools in accordance with programmes arranged by the principal and teachers of each school.

BOLD SAFE ROBBERY.

Railway Operator Bound and Gagged and the Depot Safe Cracked.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 12.—Incoming trainmen on the Mobile and Ohio report a daring safe cracking at Sparta, Ills. At 2 o'clock in the morning while Night Operator Church was eating his lunch in the station six men suddenly entered, seized, bound and gagged him and then threw him into an adjoining freight room. They then drilled into the station safe, blew it open and taking the valuables within decamped in safety. Operator Church was not released until the trainmen on train No. 6 entered the station at 4 o'clock and discovered the robbery. The robbers, however, got but $28. Officers are in pursuit.

WIPED OFF THE STATUTES.

President Cleveland Signs the Elections Law Repeal Bill.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 9.—The vote by which the federal election laws was wiped off the statutes was 39 to 28. The Populists voted with the Democrats. The repeal bill has been signed by the president.

The pen with which it was signed was the same used by the vice president and Speaker Crisp in signing the bill. The president made it a present to Tucker of Virginia.

The National Farmers' Alliance.

TOPEKA, Feb. 9.—At the session of the national alliance the political demands of the alliance were adopted. They are the same as last year's. Two resolutions in addition were adopted, not as demands, but as subjects to be discussed by the sub-alliances. One is in favor of a graduated property tax, and the other is in favor of such state legislation as will place the liquor traffic under state agents properly bound to obey the law so as to eliminate from the business the element of profit.

Epidemic of Black Diphtheria.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 13.—A special to The Republic from Valparaiso, Ind., says Wetsville, a town of 1,000 people, is crazed with excitement over an epidemic of black diphtheria which is carrying death in its wake. The schools have been closed and a rigid quarantine has been established. The first victim of the malady died within ten hours after being stricken.

Decided Against Riker.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 13.—The case of Carroll D. Riker of Chicago to compel the secretary of the treasury to allot $50,000,000 of bonds bid for by Riker was decided against the petitioner, the court refusing to issue the mandamus prayed for on the ground of lack of authority to do so on the showing made. Riker says he will change the petition and present it again.

Engineer Killed.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 12.—A wreck resulting in the killing of an engineer, occurred on the Texas Pacific, 140 miles from this city. Train No. 52, east-bound, was late and had received order to meet No. 51, west-bound, at Rosa. The west-bound ran by Rosa and a collision occurred, resulting in the death of Engineer Peniston. The train was delayed several hours.

Spotted Fever in Texas.

ST. LOUIS,, Feb. 13.—A special to The Republic from San Angelo, Tex., says: Over a dozen deaths are reported to have occurred at Sherwood, Iron county, thirty-five miles west of San Angelo, during the last ten days from spotted fever. People stricken with the deadly plague die in less than twenty-four hours.

Massmeeting at Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 12.—A massmeeting in the interests of Galusha A. Grow, the Republican candidate for congressman at large, was held at the Academy of Music under the auspices of the Union league. Thomas B. Reed was the principal speaker of the evening. Fully 3,000 people were refused admittance.

Took All the Bank's Cash.

ELMIRA, N. Y., Feb. 9.—The First National bank of Watkins has suspended. The bank failure was caused by the absconding of the cashier, John W. Love. He is said to have taken $50,000, all the banks cash, and left a letter saying he was insane.

Three Men Fatally Injured.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 13.—A cylinder head blew out of one of the engines at the Traction company power house. Three workmen, Joseph Mender, George Gibbs and Michael Welsh were fatally injured.

John Hart Sentenced to Death.

ROCKFORD, Ills., Feb. 10.—John Hart has been sentenced by Judge Shaw to be hanged March 16 for the murder of his two sisters. He said he had nothing to say.

Russo-German Treaty Signed.

BERLIN, Feb. 12.—The Russo-German treaty has been signed for both countries

BLIZZARD VICTIMS.

A Father Kills Family and Self in Desperation.

ALL WERE DYING OF THE COLD,

His Fuel All Gone, So He Ends the Misery by Cutting Their Throats—Frozen Stiff in a Coyote's Burrow—Cowboy Dead Under His Horse—Other Deaths Reported—Cyclone Ravages the South—Fears for a Lake Steamer.

GUTHRIE, O. T., Feb. 13.—Terrible reports are coming in of the loss of life caused by the blizzard of the past few days. The most frightful story is received from Cross, in the Strip, where Sherman Stone and family, consisting of a wife and five children, were found sitting about a stove with their throats cut from ear to ear, except the wife. The following note, found on a table near by Stone, gives a horrible story of murder and suicide in connection with the storm: "Wood all gone; Mollie frozen to death; the rest of us freezing. I have killed my family, and I now kill myself to prevent further suffering. God have mercy on us." Stone was a homesteader and lived in a tent. It is thought that after the snow melts hundreds of dead settlers will be found along with remains of thousands of cattle.

Another List of Seven Dead.

Reports of death and suffering are from all parts of the territory and the Strip. The blizzard has left two feet of snow on the ground and the weather bitter cold. At Red Rock James Blount and family, consisting of a wife and two children, aged 10 and 12 years, were almost frozen to death. Mrs. Fannie Spencer, a homesteader, twelve miles from Cross, was found frozen stiff. Many people are still living in tents and as fuel is scarce their condition is awful. James Mulligan, living four miles south of Perry, was found frozen to death, and his partner, Harvey Newcomb, died from exposure and cold fifteen minutes after being found. At Ponca Mrs. Jennie Cramer and two children, Lizzie and Sallie, were discovered frozen stiff in a coyote's burrow, ten yards from their abode.

Rumored Fate of the Sears Family.

Colonel Henry Melton, a cowboy who was with Buffalo Bill at the World's fair, was discovered by a party of hunters nearly dead under his horse. At Anadarko two Indian pupils were found buried under a snow bank. Upon being taken to a house one of the children immediately expired. The other, however, shows signs of recovery. A report has reached here that a family named Sears, residing on a claim near Woodward, was found frozen to death, but no particulars can be obtained. A courier just in from Alva, another Strip town, reports great suffering among the homesteaders along the river.

A Schoolmistress Missing.

Volunteer relief committees are now scouring the country gathering together the people and caring for them in the school houses. Miss Jennie Johnston, a young Indian teacher who came to Alva recently from Scranton, Pa., left school Saturday for her boarding house. She has not been seen since. No reports have been received from other west side towns, but it is certain the suffering is great, as the west side people are living mostly in tents.

TOWN WIPED OFF THE MAP.

Mississippi Reports a Cyclone with the Above Rumor.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 13.—A cyclone, accompanied by heavy rain, passed over central Louisiana and Mississippi. It is reported that Newton, Miss., has been wiped off the map. But this lacks confirmation on account of the wires being down. Just on the outskirts of Wesson, Miss., the residence of W. S. Glenn was unroofed and F. M. Simpson's house was turned completely around and twisted.

It next struck the residences of John Quari and John and Albert Flynn, completely demolishing the two former, while the latter was taken up intact and set down some distance from where it had originally stood. Quari's wife and children were lifted up and deposited fully 100 feet away, escaping with only a few slight bruises and scratches. The damage to fences and outbuildings in the surrounding country is considerable.

A special from Jackson says a terrific cyclone passed between Martinsville and Beauregard, forty miles south of there. A great many houses were swept from their foundations, trees twisted, fences destroyed, several people killed and a great many seriously hurt.

Does Fatal Work in Alabama.

MONTGOMERY, Feb. 13.—A cyclone passed over Troy, unroofing the big school building and blowing down a church and several houses. It then passed in a westerly direction through the country, leaving ruin and desolation in its wake. Several negroes are reported killed between Troy and Dunham. At the latter place two churches and a number of houses were blown down, several people being injured, but none so far as heard killed.

FEAR THAT THE ROANOKE IS LOST.

A Lake Steamer with Thirty Souls on Board Missing.

MILWAUKEE, Feb. 13.—It is reported along the docks that the steamer Roanoke of the Detroit, Grand Haven and Milwaukee line has been lost in the terrible storm on Lake Michigan. The Roanoke had a passenger list of twelve and carried a crew of eighteen persons.

Arrested for the Michigan Fraud.

DETROIT, Feb. 13.—James G. Clark, one of the members of the footing committee when the fraudulent count on the state salaries amendment was perpetrated in this city, has been arrested and is confined in the central police station charged with having assisted in increasing the yea vote by 4,750 votes.

Secretary Lamont's Father Dead.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 13.—Secretary Lamont has been in McGrawville, N. Y., since Friday. He has telegraphed the announcement of his father's death. The president and his fellow-members of the cabinet sent messages of condolence.

Ohio Town Swept by Fire.

FREMONT, O., Feb. 13.—Over half the business portion of Genoa, a village of 2,000 on the Lake Shore road, eighteen miles west of Fremont, has been destroyed by fire.

Bath Iron Works on Fire.

BATH, Me., Feb. 13.—The Bath Iron works, a very extensive plant, were destroyed by fire, including all the patterns and completed work. Loss, $300,000.

CONGRESSMAN HOUK DEAD.

He Is Called Very Suddenly While Making a Social Visit.

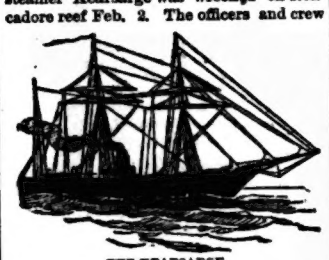
WASHINGTON, Feb. 12.—Congressman George W. Houk, from the Third Ohio district, died here very suddenly from what is reported to be apoplexy. Mr. Houk was calling upon some friends. George W. Houk of Dayton, O., was born in Cumberland county, Pa., Sept. 25, 1825. He removed with his father to Ohio in 1827, and settled in Dayton, O. After receiving an academic education he taught school, studied law and was admitted to the bar. He formed a partnership with his preceptor, Peter P. Lowe, in 1846. In 1852 he was elected to the state legislature from Montgomery county and served through his term as chairman of the judiciary committee of the house.

In 1860 he was a delegate to the Charleston-Baltimore convention and was an ardent supporter of Mr. Douglas for the presidency. He was also a delegate to the national Democratic convention in 1876. From 1861 to 1882 he was in active law practice in partnership with John A. McMahon in Dayton. In 1884 he was unanimously nominated for the circuit judgeship of the second circuit, but was defeated, and was in the same year district elector on the Democratic presidential ticket. In 1886 he was unanimously nominated as the Democratic candidate for congress for the Third district, but was defeated; was elected to the Fifty-second and re-elected to the Fifty-third congress as a Democrat.

THE KEARSARGE WRECKED.

The Historic Vessel Goes on a Reef but No Lives Are Lost.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 9.—The United States steamer Kearsarge was wrecked on Roncadore reef Feb. 2. The officers and crew



THE KEARSARGE.

were saved. The news reached the navy department in a dispatch which came from Colon. It was sent by Lieutenant Brainard of the Kearsarge, who reached Colon Feb. 8. The Kearsarge by last report sailed from Hayti for Bluefields, Nicaragua, to which it was ordered on account of the trouble between Nicaragua and Honduras. It is supposed that the vessel is a total wreck. But fortunately there appears to have been no loss of life. The vessel was one of the oldest in the navy and had a splendid history.

COLON, Feb. 13.—The crew of the United States cruiser Kearsarge have been rescued. All are well and healthy. Only one man was drowned.

The old warship was abandoned on Roncador reef with the stars and stripes still flying at her peak. The steamship City of Paris, with the crew of the Kearsarge on board, will leave this port New York on Wednesday next.

COLLISION ON THE RAIL.

Four Lives Lost in a Wreck Near, Bellevue, Ohio.

TOLEDO, Feb. 13.—A special to The Blade from Bellevue, says: Two freight trains collided on the Wheeling and Lake Erie road in the storm, two miles west of this place. Both trains were running at full speed, the blinding storm preventing the engineers from seeing the danger. The collision was terrific, both engines being smashed into scrap iron. The freight cars were broken into splinters, and piled up in utter confusion. The following were either killed outright or have died since the collision: Engineer Connell, Fireman McMullen, both of engine 25; Engineer Sam Stowell of engine 28, Brakman Johnson of train No. 40.

River and Harbor Bill.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 12. — Chairman Blanchard says that the river and harbor bill will probably not be ready to report to the house for at least three weeks. Speaking of the size of it he says that it will be a small bill, probably carrying about $10,000,000. There have been but few improvements projected or now under way that have not been advocated by the members in whose districts they are situated. All this argument will not have much effect upon the committee, as the determination has been reached not to have any more new improvements provided for in this bill and to cut the appropriations for projects now under way to the lowest possible figure.

Escaped the Hangman's Noose.

JACKSON, Miss., Feb. 12.—Will Purvis, who escaped hanging in some way not yet understood, was taken to Hattiesville for safekeeping. On the way he stopped at his father's house, where he was received as from the dead. Opinion is changing in his favor. Senator Watkins, who defended Purvis, was interviewed. He said: "When the case is brought before the court again I will be able to show the jury which tried Purvis did not intend a verdict which involved a death penalty. On the contrary, a penalty of life imprisonment was intended."

Whole Family Critically Ill.

MICHIGAN CITY, Feb. 12.—The entire family of Charles Kruger, eight in number, are suffering from a malady resembling trichiniasis, and the parents may die. All are affected with purging and intense pains in their stomachs. Their physician learned that the family had killed and dressed a hog and eaten liberally of the pork. The condition of every member of the family is now critical. The symptoms appear to be those of poisoning.

Victory for the Insurgents.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 12.—The navy department received the following cable from Admiral Benham, dated Rio, Feb. 9: "This morning there was a sharp engagement at Areia point, resulting in some insurgent success." Areia point is a projection of land not far from Nictheroy, which is in the same part of the bay of Rio de Janeiro. Apparently Areia point would be a good place for land operations against Nictheroy.

Became Insane and Murderous.

MASCOUTAH, Ills., Feb. 12.—J. C. Kelly, postmaster at Freiburg, suddenly became insane and attempted to shoot his wife and son. He is laboring under the delusion that his wife is in league with a band of robbers who intend to plunder and murder him.

FOR ILLINOIS READERS

HAPPENINGS IN THE STATE OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Telegraphic Reports of Events Which Have Occurred During the Past Few Days in Our Own State—Crimes, Casualties and Other Matters of Interest.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Feb. 8.—A case very similar to the Newby case has come to light. William W. Wood has been arrested at Desoto, Jackson county, and brought here by Deputy United States Marshal Westfall, being indicted by the federal grand jury for presenting a false pension claim. Wood is now 70 years old, and made an affidavit in 1891 at Desoto for a pension as a veteran of the Mexican war. Wood claims that he enlisted in 1846 in Roanoke county, Tenn., in Company C., Fourth regiment Tennessee volunteer infantry, in place of his uncle, Isaac M. Burke, who was home on a furlough.

He enlisted, he says, as Burke and served through the war as such, participating in battles from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico. The government claims that Burke went back and served through the war, was discharged at Memphis, and claimed county land which at his death went to his heirs, and that the Fourth Tennessee regiment never participated in the battles from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico. Three messmates of Burke from Tennessee, all officers of the federal army during the civil war, are here to testify against Wood, one of whom says he knew Wood before the war and recognizes him now as Wood.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Feb. 10.—William W. Woods, of Desoto, Jackson county, who claimed to have served through the Mexican war in place of his uncle, Isaac M. Burke, in the Fourth Tennessee regiment, entered a plea of guilty in the United States circuit court of making a false pension claim. He was sentenced to one year in the penitentiary.

TO BLOW UP THE JAIL.

A Plot in Which Two Girls Prepare for the Use of Dynamite.

LINCOLN, Ills., Feb. 12.—A plot has been discovered by which Ida Shelles and Georgie Williams intended to furnish the notorious "Dave" Goodpasture with dynamite enough to blow up the Logan county jail. Goodpasture, with a companion, Davidson, was sentenced to six years in Joliet for larceny. The two girls had secured three sticks of 45 per cent. power with cap and fuse, and Goodpasture expected by the aid of a string dropped out of a corridor window to get his explosives from them. But as Sheriff Hayes and his deputy were nearly worn out the prisoners were locked in their cells nearly an hour earlier than usual and thus the dastardly scheme was unwittingly foiled.

The excitement was intensified when it came out that even the desperate project was discussed and decided upon of blowing up the court house during the session of court while Goodpasture's application for a new trial was under consideration, but the conspirators were baffled and foiled by the motion being called in the forenoon, earlier than anticipated.

Illinois Must Have a Head.

SPRINGFIELD, Feb. 12.—The constitution of this state requires there always to be an executive at the state capital and provides that when the governor is incapacitated or absent the lieutenant governor shall be acting governor, but no provision is made for announcing such a state of things. Governor Altgeld has been absent from the state three times, and neither time did he inform Lieutenant Governor Gill. This last time, however, Gill came on and took possession of the governor's office and attended to what executive business was presented. The situation has set tongues wagging, and wiseacres speculating.

Unemployed at Peoria.

PEORIA, Ills., Feb. 9.—Both the Bradstreet and Dun agencies have collected statistics in reference to the unemployed in Peoria. The Bradstreet company reports that 1,000 persons, employes and those dependent on them, were out of work Jan. 1. These same persons were employed a year ago. The Dun agency reports the total number of unemployed 1,800, but this includes the trades which are usually out of work at this time of the year.

Remarkable Revival.

ANCONA, Ills., Feb. 10.—A remarkable revival has been in progress here in the Ancona Christian church since Jan. 1. Elder N. J. Wright has been carrying on the work without the aid of any other ministers and has baptized all the converts. On several occasions the ice, which was very thick, had to be cut in order to accomplish the purpose. Over one hundred persons have been converted and immersed.

The Spree Made a Thief of Him.

ROCKFORD, Ills., Feb. 12.—Len Rowlands, a young man employed in the shops of Emerson, Talcott & Co., proves to be the burglar who was winged in flight by Officer Golden. The wound is giving Rowlands great pain, but it is not believed that it will prove fatal. He has always borne a good reputation, and this last act was the result of a spree.

Been Stealing Through the Mails.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Feb. 9.—Rudolph Bean, of Bluffford, Jefferson county, has been arrested and lodged in jail here by a federal officer, charged with using the mails in a scheme to defraud. Beam has been securing orders amounting to thousands of dollars from numerous wholesale firms by representing himself as a general merchant.

Abandoned the Postoffice.

PEORIA, Ills., Feb. 9.—The postoffice at Wesley City, a small village in Tazewell county, a few miles from this city, has been discontinued. The postmaster moved away from there a short time ago and, as no one could be found to take his place, the authorities were forced to abandon the office. The mail is now sent to Pekin.

Strikers Try to Wreck a Train.

JOLIET, Ills., Feb. 10.—The limited vestibule train on the Chicago and Alton road that leaves here at 8:30 a. m. was almost wrecked between Lockport and Lemont by the strikers on the drainage channel, who piled rails on the track. The train stopped several times and the train crew removed the obstructions from the track.

A Half-Witted Young Brute.

HAMILTON, Ill., Feb. 10.—A half-witted young man living in Keokuk, whose name is unknown, attempted to assault school children on the streets in broad daylight. He attacked a girl and she fought him desperately. The fellow escaped his pursuers.

CONDENSED NEWS.

History of the Week Given in Brief Paragraphs.

An unknown man, employed by Mitchell & McClure of West Duluth, was drowned while crossing Conegema bay on the ice.

Jacob Grozier, a veteran prospector of Chloride, N. M., committed suicide by shooting.

The body of Charles Moll, a musician of the Second artillery, was found in the Kaw at Kansas City.

In a drunken row in a saloon at Virden, Ills., William Cain fatally stabbed Jess Finley, colored.

Romero Rubio, secretary of state in the Mexican cabinet and father-in-law to President Diaz, is lying at the point of death.

Amos Huen, colored, tried to kill Station Agent E. A. Kunkle at Valley Forge, Pa., and was killed.

So deep is her interest in the cause of woman's suffrage that Mrs. Nancy Gilman, aged 90, recently secured 100 signatures to a petition asking the New Hampshire legislature to grant the right to vote to women.

Dr. James C. Welling, after twenty years of service, has resigned the presidency of the Columbia university in Washington.

* * *

James Whitcomb Riley's income, according to Hamlin Garland, is $30,000 a year.

An earthquake shock lasting ten seconds was felt at Keeler, Cal., and at Hawthorne, Nev.

William Peggs, horsethief, escaped from the state prison at Columbus, O.

Dr. Jeff Majors, under indictment at Springfield, Ills., for falsely personating a pension examiner and a postoffice inspector, was arrested in Indianapolis.

Mrs. Rose Ann Baldwin sued Maitland Claycomb, a wealthy merchant of Monroe City, Ind., for $5,000 damages for alleged defamation of character.

Mrs. Helen Campbell, author and philanthropist, is the latest of the many married women to enter college as a student. She is taking a special course in the Wisconsin university.

Ex-Alderman Franklin of St. Paul Minn., pleaded not guilty to the charge of accepting bribes from the building inspector's office.

After six months' idleness the Birmingham, Ala., rolling mill will resume Monday, employing 1,000 men.

* * *

Charles Mishler, a young farmer living near Champaign, Ills., was killed in a runaway.

John Gardner, a miner in the Summit mines near Colorado Springs, Colo., was mysteriously shot dead.

Three generations of the Benham family followed the sea. The admiral's father was a commodore in the United States navy, and his son Harry is a lieutenant in the service.

The late George W. Childs neither drank, swore or smoked. His guests were provided wine, but he drank to their health from a glass of clear, cold water.

Gustav Gormion strangled himself at a cheap lodging house in Terre Haute, Ind. He tied a rope around his neck and twisted it with a clothes brush.

John Teusch confessed at Huntington, Ind., to robbing Mrs. John Paust of hidden gold and implicated three others.

The financial condition of Alma, Mich., college is so low that Professor Butler has been compelled to retire.

* * *

Several hundred idle men who applied at the city hall, Louisville, were put to work at $1.25 a day on street improvement.

D. C. Conly, charged with embezzling $10,000 while sheriff of Phelps county, Nebraska, has been arrested at Denison, Tex.

William M. Link, treasurer of Franklin township, Franklin county, O., is short $1,500 in his accounts.

Frank E. Crandall and Mora Parrish, who were divorced at the January term circuit court at Monmouth, Ills., have been reconciled and taken out a marriage license.

J. Faunce, under arrest for larceny at Plainwell, shot and killed himself in the railway station at Moutieth, Mich. He was in charge of a deputy sheriff and they were waiting to take the train for Plainwell.

The Marshall county, Ind., tax duplicates show the addition of $103,000 during the year, which will net $2,000 additional taxes.

Dr. Jeff Majors, of Lawrence county, Ills., pleaded guilty at Springfield of falsely personating a United States officer. Sentence was deferred.

William Luken, of San Pierre, Ind., sued the Chicago and Erie for $10,000 damages for injuries received while alighting from a train.

* * *

W. Gunther pleaded guilty at Muncie, Ind., to embezzlement from a music firm of Indianapolis.

Harry Salsman, a Frenchman, committed suicide at Johnstown, Neb., while suffering from the grip.

John E. Massey of Virginia is devoting practically his whole time to lecturing in behalf of the pending bill in the Virginia legislature which provides for the admission of women to the University of Virginia.

Among the industries which are expected to resume soon are the Bear Springs iron furnace, Tennessee, employing 300 men, and the New Albany, Ind., woolen mills, employing about three hundred operators.

Large as a Dollar

Were the scrofula sores on my poor little boy, sickening and disgusting. They were especially severe on his legs, back of his ears and on his head. His hair was so matted that combing was sometimes impossible. His legs were so bad that sometimes he could not sit down, and when he tried to walk his legs would break open and the blood start. Physicians did not effect a cure. I decided to give him Hood's Sarsaparilla. In two weeks the sores commenced to heal up; the scabs came off and all over his body new and healthy flesh and skin formed. When he had taken two bottles of

Jos. Ruby.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

he was entirely free from sores." ERNEST E. RUBY, Box 356, Columbia, Pennsylvania.

HOOD'S PILLS are a mild, gentle, reliable, safe and efficient cathartic. Always reliable. 25c.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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All Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 17, 1894.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—
Wilson drama.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—
Hermann.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—
"The Prodigal Daughter."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—
Roland Reed in "Dakota."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—
Pauline Hall Opera Co.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—
"Aristocracy."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—
"Playmates."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—
"A Crackerjack."

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Our city and country subscribers, who have received their January bills, and also those whose subscriptions have since fallen due, will oblige THE CITIZEN greatly by remitting the amounts without putting us to the trouble and expense of sending further notification by mail. The trouble of sending, or bringing in, a subscription is very slight, and the courtesy is always appreciated. We desire to bill our friends as seldom as possible, but, if they keep forgetting, we are reluctantly compelled to that mode of reminding them. Send, therefore, your check, postoffice order, express order, or registered letter, covering the amount of your indebtedness, and accept our thanks in advance.

FATHER CLEARY ON THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

The Rev. Father Cleary, of the archdiocese of St. Paul, Minn., celebrated as a temperance advocate and lecturer, recently addressed the public school teachers of Hennepin county, Minn., on the subject of "Our Public Schools." His remarks produced a profound impression on his audience, and the newspapers of all creeds and parties have been sounding his praises without stint. Among other things Father Cleary said:

"Without any reserve, with perfect candor and with abiding confidence in the sense of fairness instinct in the American heart, I unhesitatingly declare that our common school system is the best and only practical system that under our peculiar conditions the American state could devise. Dishonest disturbers, mischievous meddlers, narrow-minded bigots and noisy busy-bodies generally have done their best to cast odium on the system, and to impair the harmonious efficiency of our common schools. For all this our public school system is not to blame. Its worst enemies have been its fool friends, who falsely interpret its purpose and cause the system to be suspected because of the ends they would make it serve. One of the most delicate duties the teacher, under our system, has to perform is to treat with impartial respect the religious convictions and religious observances of the parents and children among whom his lot is cast. And in carefully pursuing this line of imperative duty, the teacher must not imagine that he is displaying a spirit of commendable toleration with generous magnanimity. On account of the misleading conception that prevails about this matter of toleration, I entertain undisguised contempt for the term. We have outgrown the idea of toleration; in a spirit of justice and fair dealing, we must clearly understand that religion is not simply tolerated in our country, but all religions must be regarded with indiscriminate respect, and the adherents of every church enjoy equal rights, both as teachers and as pupils, in the American common school."

Surely nothing uttered on the subject in latter days is more replete with commonsense Americanism than the sentiments of Father Cleary just quoted. He expounds the very spirit of the American constitution in dealing with a question that has long been considered "vexed."

Speaking of the parochial school system Father Cleary observed: "Private or parochial schools are maintained, not because the public school system does not do its allotted work well, but because by statutory limitation it is unable to do all that many parents believe essential for the best interests of their children. Over one million children receive a common school education in private schools supported by the Catholic people of this country. These schools are maintained at great sacrifice and they relieve the state, already overburdened, of great expense. It is most unjust to accuse a class of people, who so disinterestedly prove their loyal love for learning and virtue, of any intention or wish to deprive the children of the land of the advantages offered by our common schools. I enjoy a fairly intimate knowledge, I think, of our Catholic people, which entitles me to brand as a most foul and dastardly calumny the insinuation that they have any hostile designs upon our public school system. If a vote of the American people were taken tomorrow on the question of changing our present system into a denominational one, the Catholic people of this country would, in my opinion, be found in an overwhelming majority in favor of our present fair and impartial system, which respects the rights of every class and creed. Every parochial school in the land is overcrowded with children, ambitious for religious and secular learning. Our Catholic people find themselves utterly unable to provide for more than half the number of Catholic children in private schools. It is a great conundrum to me what those poor deluded people, who claim to believe that the Catholic church is plotting the destruction of the public school, imagine this church would do with the ruins when the public school tumbled to the ground."

After some further able exposition of the Catholic view of educational matters, Father Cleary concluded by saying that "Our public school system is by no means perfect. Its shortcomings certainly are legitimate topics of discussion among its friends and supporters. Every system, no matter how wisely devised, must largely depend for efficient operation upon those to whose care it is entrusted. The responsibility of developing our common school system in accordance with the enlightened principles upon which it is framed, rests to a great extent upon your profession. The teacher in the public school must not fall into the mistake of imagining that in all things he, or she, must yield to the wishes of the majority who are interested in the school. The majority in this country has no power to ignore the rights of the minority. While the teacher should respect the wishes of the patrons of his school he acts unjustly and is disloyal to the liberal provisions of our imperial system, if to please an unjust majority, he disregards the sacred rights of religious equality to which the weakest member of society is entitled by our laws."

FATHER O'MAHONY VS. THE "TRUE WITNESS."

The Montreal *True Witness* and the Rev. Father Bernard Emmet O'Mahony have fallen foul of each other. It is a quarrel with which THE CITIZEN has little to do, beyond seeing that Father O'Mahony gets fair play—something that will not be denied the *True Witness*, either, if it should choose to come into our court in due form. Although a Catholic "organ," the *True Witness* has "pitched into" Father O'Mahony in fierce form, and we don't blame the reverend gentleman for feeling angered. While Father O'Mahony has a perfect right to his opinion, we do not agree with him in regard to all he says about the Canadian imigrants, more especially the Irish portion of them. Some of the best Irishmen we have known, in the national sense, were born in Canada, or at least in the British provinces, under the baleful shadow of the Union Jack. We recall at the present moment, William Mackey Lomasney, who, as "Captain Mackey," did more real fighting in Ireland than all the other patriots put together during the abortive "rising" of 1867. The late Major John Lanigan, of this city, was as true an Irish Nationalist as ever drew breath. The same is true of his brother David, and of dozens of others we could mention. With all due respect to Father O'Mahony we fear he is a great deal too severe on his Canadian kindred. It is true, indeed, that some of them are nauseatingly "loyal" to the odious British flag, and this "loyalty" is fostered among them, to a great extent, by the Catholic press of the Dominion.

The worship of the Aberdeens is merely a survival of the O'Connell Whiggery, of the "Hurrah for the Queen, God bless her!" pattern. Some of our Catholic Irish, in Canada and elsewhere, have not yet had the iron rust of the Penal Days' fetters worked out of their poor, timid little souls, and they are prepared to be "grateful" for anything any representative of aristocracy may do for them. There was a time when they ran after the glum old Queen, until she soured on them, and gave up drinking Irish "whiskey negus" to make way for the Scotch article, which cheers her soul amid the fogs and damps that surround Balmoral. They were prepared to worship the libidinous Prince of Wales, but he never encouraged their devotion, so, failing to obtain "royal" idols, they are now content to adore lesser false gods, of the Gordon-Marchbanks variety.

Yet, these slavish Irish Catholics are comparatively few in number, and do not belong to the rank and file of the Irish people. It would be unjust to charge the latter with the follies of the flunkeys we have alluded to. But, let us hear from Father O'Mahony:

[*To the Editor.*]

PIPER CITY, Ill., Feb. 7.—The self-styled *True (?) Witness*, of Montreal, is out in a terrible tirade of long sounding sentences and French quotations to prove that Canada is free. Better news still, it was Canada in the hour of Ireland's need that sent the Hon. Edward Blake to take his place in the ranks of the Irish Parliamentary party, to do battle for Ireland's cause, and die, if need be, "on the flure o' the house!" Hurroo for Edward, once minister of justice in a Canadian government, who took the "oath of office" as an adviser to the governor-general, and as if one oath was not enough, took an "oath of loyalty" to his own beloved Queen Victoria in the House of Commons, England! Edward is now returned with the laurel wreath of victory, only he would like to get some money for his trouble. The "Catholic Brass Band"—Keogh, Sadlier, etc., loud sounding patriots—was bought out by Lord Aberdeen, father of the present mountebank, with whom the devoted and gallant Blake may now advise, as how best and cheapest to buy out the "Bantry Brass Band."

If Edward stayed in Canada, Ireland would never miss him, no more than Wisconsin at present will sigh for the ex-Canadian A. P. A. Sims. The *True (?) Witness* rages most furiously because of my assertion that Irishmen who freely choose Canada for a home deserve to fawn and slaver and lick the hands of Aberdeen as in loyalty bound, and I repeat my belief that no Irishman worthy of the name would live in Canada, that is if the British flag still floats o'er Montreal. The *True (?) Witness* says: "Irishmen have assisted in laying the foundation stones of our present Dominion—the freest and most happy country on the face of God's earth!" And the editor of the *True (?) Witness* is an honorable man!

For many years—more than a score—I have closely studied Irish emigration. When a boy the Christian Brothers at home, out of their library, gave me the "Story of Ireland" to read. I have scarcely seen the book since, but every paragraph and every picture almost is before my mind's eye. That picture of the ship going out with Sarsfield and the defenders of Limerick, when they heard "their women's parting cry," and "Exodus" printed beneath, appeared to me freighted with the last hope of Ireland. Ever since I have watched emigration, and this is my experience of Irish-Canadians. Three classes principally leave Ireland for the land of lakes:

1. Orangemen and North of Ireland Protestants generally.

2. Ex-government officials, ex-jailers, pensioners, butlers from the Great House making off with the cooks, and offspring of Lord Noodles—Protestants also almost without exception. Over these two "roosts" rules Aberdeen with mutual satisfaction.

3. The poorer Irish Catholics, principally from the sterile sea border, who by reason of distress are assisted or get free passage to the Dominion. Ask any neighbor of these people, where all the crowd is going, and you will be told, "They're going to Canada, the craythurs; you see the government assists them, but with the blessing of God they'll soon be able to earn as much as will take them to the States."

Cromwell, it is said, gave the Irish choice of "Hell or Connacht." English statesmen since, more polite, perhaps, but not less crafty and cruel, gave them choice of "Starvation or Canada." Just one decade ago Gladstone (G.O.M. and all as he pretends) passed a law approved by Aberdeen, and executed by Spencer, making it illegal for Poor-law boards to give "out-door" relief—it was called the "Pinch of Poverty Test," and under its operation hundreds upon hundreds of Irish people were driven to accept free tickets to "The Workhouse or Canada." At Westport, in the county Mayo, so eager was Spencer to get rid of the Celts, that he even took babes on board the ship, and was duly praised for his humanity, by the *Freeman's Journal* of that day, just the same as Aberdeen is lauded now, because he collects money to bribe some poor Irish from allegiance to their native land. Whenever a successful leader of Revolution arises to crush England—whether he hail from Calcutta or Chicago—he must spend a few months in hanging as many Irish as will persist in believing in English philanthropy.

B. E. O'MAHONY.

LOVELY TIPPERARY.

A writer in the New York *Irish-American*, describing "Cashel of the Kings," and the country around it, says:

"Down in the south of Tipperary county, a few miles to the east of the winding Suir, and reared in the midst of an extensive plain, stands the vast stony eminence known as the 'Rock of Cashel.' It overlooks the famous 'Golden Vein' of Tipperary—the most fertile valley in all Ireland. On a clear day, from the summit of the Rock, it is said that no fewer than a hundred castles can be counted, bearing silent but emphatic witness to the conviction which possessed the founders of those buildings, that the soil was 'worth fighting for.' The great brown peaks of the Galtees tower up and stretch away to the horizon toward the south; in another direction Slievenamon lies, vast and ponderous; northward the swelling masses of the Slievebloom range ring in the scene; while through the plain for many a mile the 'silver Suir' gleams and flashes from the midst of luxuriant fields."

IF Cleveland doesn't make the Chicago appointments soon, some of the candidates who have long been "sweating," will die of hope deferred.

MR. JOHN REDMOND, in a recent speech, said that the Monroe banking house of Paris had agreed to release the Irish funds held by them if the two branches of the Irish Parliamentary party would come to an agreement. Mr. Dillon and other moderate anti-Parnellites seem to have agreed to the proposition, but Mr. Redmond intimated that there was opposition from other members of the McCarthy "wing." Probably Tim Healy is the disturbing element.

THE Wilson bill—the Wilson bill!
Oh, isn't it the bitter pill!
There's not a house will order fill
When Cleveland signs the Wilson bill.

SIR WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT, speaking before the National Liberal Federation of Great Britain in London on Wednesday, said that the house of lords had made a conflict between itself and the people inevitable; and that the Liberal party would not shirk the struggle. Lord Salisbury, he said, seemed bent on bringing about the abolition of the hereditary house by his opposition to popular measures. In such a struggle, he predicted, the people would be victorious, and the lords would only have to blame their leaders and themselves for their inevitable fall. Harcourt's speech was vehemently cheered, and his position is sustained by the entire Liberal press of Great Britain.

TO CUT down the already small salaries of policemen, firemen, school teachers, etc., is bad economic policy. All these people spend their money in Chicago, and very little of it goes to bad use.

REV. J. J. BROWN, a Catholic clergyman of the diocese of Mobile, Ala., died, while visiting in this city, on Wednesday. He was well known in Alabama and Wisconsin.

THE *Chicago Irish-American* is the name of a new weekly publication that has been started here with John Hartley as president, M. V. Gannon vice-president, and James S. Ryan as secretary. In its initial editorial the *Chicago Irish-American* says: "We believe that the people who complain are always right," which is, certainly, a liberal view to take of the prevailing tendency of humanity, especially in these hard times. It is understood that the paper is to be run on partisan lines, as a Democratic medium of public opinion.

QUEEN LILY has promised to "cut the heads off" all who were instrumental in her deposition, when Grover restors her to power. Now, we put it to Grove, is this his idea of civil service reform?

MRS. MYRA BRADWELL, editor of the Chicago *Legal News*, the first woman who applied for admission to the bar, and one of the brightest intellects of this generation, died at her home in this city on Wednesday, after a long and painful illness. She was the wife of the Hon. James B. Bradwell, one of Chicago's oldest and most respected citizens.

THE Hon. Miles Kehoe has opened a law office in the Ashland Block, Clark and Randolph streets, suite 1006 and 1007; and is prepared to attend to all business that may be placed in his hands. Mr. Kehoe's associate in the office is ex-Judge Hawes.

SISTER MARY ALBINA HUMMERT died of smallpox at the pesthouse on Wednesday. She contracted the disease while heroically attending patients in that institution.

MR. JOHN P. PRENDERGAST, author of several notable works on ancient and modern Irish events, died recently in Dublin. His most widely known books are "The Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland;" "The History and Antiquities of Dublin," and "Irish Ports and Harbors." Mr. Prendergast was born in the Irish capital, of Tipperary parents, and, therefore, could hardly help being a National Irishman. He will be greatly missed in Irish literary circles.

NAPOLEON III abandoned Maximilian to her fate. Will Grover Front de Buffalo abandon Lily to hers?

THE Hon. M. V. Gannon will lecture on "Patriotism, Poetry and Love" before the Reading Club of the Union Library Association today (Saturday, Feb. 18). A supplementary musical programme will also be given.

JOHN REDMOND, M. P., says this would be a good time for Gladstone to dissolve parliament and appeal to "the country," which appears to be wroth with the House of Lords because of the emasculating amendments tacked on to popular English bills. We doubt the opportuneness of the moment for dissolution, but, if the government can only get two majority in the house, as was the case Tuesday night, such a proceeding cannot be long deferred. The English Radicals desire to fight the House of Lords, but Mr. Gladstone is too old, and too timid, to enter on so arduous a campaign. If he were ten or twenty years younger he might lead such a movement, but the signs of age are creeping upon him slowly but surely. Gladstone is a physical wreck in appearance. His hearing, too, is bad, his eyesight is nearly gone, his voice—that wonderful voice—has begun to fail him, and, in short, nature protests against further new departures in policy, so far as he is concerned. We have often said Mr. Gladstone began to be good to Ireland twenty years too late. He is now only fit to rank among the "might have beens."

WELL, Grover, "Lily is willin'." Why don't you put her back? What gallantry!

THE Hon. Joseph Medill, from far away Los Angeles, lifts up his voice against the Wilson bill. We hope the Hon. Joseph will keep it lifted until the Wilson bill is lifted out of the roots.

MAYOR HOPKINS' veto of the Watson gas ordinance was sustained in the city council on Wednesday night by a vote of 22 to 42. THE CITIZEN heartily wishes that the mayor had it also in his power to check the abominable robbery of the people pursued by the Chicago Gaslight and Coke Company—the most shameless and grasping corporation that ever had existence.

WE wonder how Grover Cleveland looks in his brand new coat of whitewash? Now, if he could only use the brush to paint his dear black Lily the same color!

MR. P. O'SULLINAN is giving universal satisfaction as Postmaster at South Chicago. Mr. O'Sullivan is a brother of the Rev. T. O'Sullivan, of Cummings, and of Father O'Sullivan, of Aughadown, county Cork, Ireland.

WE notice that Catholics are "kicking" against the introduction of Charles Dickens' "Child's History of England" into the schools in Michigan and elsewhere, because of some loose remarks in regard to alleged priestly methods which appear in the work. These remarks should certainly be expunged, but, apart from them, Dickens' History contains the greatest "scoring" ever given to English royalty. As regards ungenerous references to the Catholic clergy, there is hardly any Enylish historical work of note free from them. The same may be said of the literary productions of English writers of fiction, as was ably pointed out by Father Sherman in his recent lecture. But what effect have such sneers, whether born of ignorance or malice, on the Catholic church? None whatever. There is no need for Catholics to be over-sensitive. The Catholic church has stood greater storms than those created by the penny whistles of English writers.

WHERE's one Blount, Lord Paramount, from Georgia?

SAYS Grove to Wat, I tell you what,
The Jingoes I'll knock silly O—
I'll lower the flag, then crown the hag
And call her my black Lily O!

OBITUARY.

MRS. THOMAS A. SMYTH.

Very deep and general regret is felt on the West Side, and throughout the city, at the demise of Mrs. Thomas A. Symth, which sad event occurred at her residence, No. 803 West Jackson street, at an early hour on Wednesday morning the 7th inst. Mrs. Smyth had been suffering from heart trouble, but none anticipated that the effects of the disease would be so suddenly fatal. She leaves a family of five small children. Sincere and widespread sympathy is felt for her husband, brother of Mr. John M. Smyth, and one of the best known and most popular residents of the West Side. Mrs. Smyth, nee Usher, was about 43 years of age. She was a native of Boston, Mass. About 9:30 on Friday morning the remains of Mrs. Smyth were removed from No. 803 Jackson boulevard to St. Jarlath's church, where a solemn requiem high mass was celebrated in the presence of a numerous congregation. The celebrant was Rev. Father O'Connor (who preached an impressive obituary sermon); deacon, Rev. Father Cushman, P. P.; subdeacon, Rev. Father Cox. At Calvary cemetery the remains were placed temporarily in the vault, the final prayers being read by Rev. Thomas J. Gailigan, P. P., St. Patrick's, and Rev. Father Egan. The chief mourners present were Mr. Thomas A. Smyth, Mrs. Riley (sister), and Mr. John M. Smyth (brother-in-law), whose establishment on West Madison street was closed for the day on account of the sad event. The pall-bearers were William E. Hand, William Riley, John Riley, Thomas H. Gaynor, Thomas Smyth and E. Corcoran.

Among those who attended the obsequies were: Ald. Brennan, ex-Ald. James O'Brien, John Gaynor, and John Horn; ex-Congressman Frank Lawler, West Park Commissioner A. J. Graham, Capt. John Byrnes, Lieut. Staunton, P. B. O'Hare, P. G. Smyth, J. Duffy, P. F. Ryan, Joseph Kenny, Timothy Sammons, Martin White, Ulick Bourke, Cornelius Mahony, Deputy Coroner Coffey, David Walsh, E. F. Kennedy, Bassett Collins, James Graham, D. P. Foley, John Duffy, John Ruddy, John Flynn, John Bell, P. B. Tierney, John McNicholas, John Hand, Rev. Brother Adjutor, Joseph Biggio, Thomas F. Hunt, Harry Higgins, J. Spain, Denis O'Callaghan, ex-County Commissioner Bradley, Denis Quill, D. Curtin, Peter McGurn, Michael McGurn, John Long, Stephen D. Griffin, clerk of the Superior Court; Daniel Lynch, Deputy Coroner L. R. Buckley, W. Ives, Mark Sullivan, P. D. Hayes, W. Ives, Mark Sullivan, Riverside; Chris. Gaynor and Thomas Walsh.

MRS. ANDREW LYONS.

Mrs. Bridget Lyons, wife of Andrew Lyons and sister-in-law of Luke Lyons, died at her residence, No. 47 Coventry street, on the 6th inst., after a lingering illness, which resulted from dropsy. She leaves, besides her afflicted husband, three children to mourn an irreparable loss. The funeral occurred from the residence to the Church of the Annunciation on the morning of the 8th inst., and was very numerously attended. Requiem high mass was offered up by Father O'Gara McShane and his assistant priests. The interment was at Calvary cemetery.

MR. STEPHEN WALSH.

Mr. Stephen Walsh, native of Letterfrack, county Galway, Ireland, died recently at the residence of his mother, Mrs. Sophia Walsh, No. 4923 Dearborn street, aged 16 years, after three months' illness. The immediate cause of death was pneumonia.

THE LATE JAMES MAHER.

The remains of the late James Maher, who died on Jan. 4, were recently removed from the receiving vault at Calvary cemetery and interred in the family lot. Mr. Maher was born in the county Tipperary, Ireland, about sixty-two years ago, and came to America early in the "fifties." He learned the trade of a cooper and prospered exceedingly. He had been a citizen of Chicago for more than a generation and resided at No. 3915 Langley avenue. He never married. Although a Democrat, he was a great admirer of James G. Blaine and fought for him vehemently in the Second Congressional District during the campaign of 1884. He was a man of the most sterling integrity, and had the sincere respect and good will of all who knew him.

RECENT DEATHS.

Among the recently recorded deaths of Irish-Americans in this city are Mrs. Julia Francis, daughter of Mr. James Reiley, formerly of the county Kerry, at No. 108 Miller street; Thomas Gleason, son of Michael Gleason, of Lockport, Ill., at No. 77 Clifton avenue, and Agnes O'Brien, eldest daughter of Thomas J. and and Mary O'Brien, at No. 179 North Paulina street.

DRUMMED OUT OF CAMP.

Father Sherman and General Sheridan's Order at Stone River.

[*Inter-Ocean, Feb. 9.*]

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 8.—*To the Editor:* I notice in today's issue of your valuable paper a request from Colonel Schmitt, of Rock Island, Ill., who states that during the late war he served under General Sheridan "from before the battle of Stone River to the time he was ordered East." The colonel requests that Father Sherman give particulars in regard to the anecdote related by him in his lecture at Central Music Hall on the 5th inst. This referred to the drumming out of camp by General Sheridan's orders of two Union officers for cowardice. The colonel claims he never heard of the incident. Inasmuch as Father Sherman's attention may not be drawn to the colonel's request, I would respectfully refer the latter to the "Personal Memoirs of General P. H. Sheridan," Vol. I., chap. 13, p. 240. The reference reads as follows—it is in regard to the engagement at Stone River:

"During the engagement there had been little straggling, and my list of missing was small and legitimate; still it was known that a very few had shirked their duty, and an example was necessary. Among this small number were four officers who, it was charged, had abandoned their colors and regiments. When their guilt was clearly established, and as soon as an opportunity occurred, I caused the whole division to be formed in a hollow square, closed in mass, and had the four officers marched to the centre, where, telling them that I would not humiliate any officer or soldier by requiring him to touch their disgraced swords, I compelled them to deliver theirs up to my colored servant, who also cut from their coats every insignia of rank. Then, after there had been read to the command an order from army headquarters, dismissing the four from the service, the scene was brought to a close by drumming the cowards out of camp. It was a mortifying spectacle, but from that day no officer in that division ever abandoned his colors."

THOMAS J. DAWSON,
No. 214 Kinzie street.

THE EMMET ANNIVERSARY.

Arrangements for the Emmet celebration on the evening of March 3, at Central Music Hall, are progressing very favorably. The meeting of the committee held last Sunday at 56 State street, was large and eothusiastic. Mr. P. V. Fitzpatrick presided. The sub-committees made partial reports, and were given until Sunday next to make them final. The members of the committees have shown commendable activity in regard to the work assigned to them, and every indication points to a very successful event. The Hon. M. V. Gannon will preside. The committee on entertainment have provided an excellent musical programme.

HYMENEAL.

RIGNEY-RYAN.

Mr. John Joseph Rigney and Miss Mary Adele Ryan were united in marriage at St. John's Cathedral, Milwaukee, on Tuesday the 6th inst. The bridegroom is widely known throughout the Northwest, and is now engaged in the real estate business in this city. The bride is well known in social circles, both in Milwaukee and Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. Rigney will be at home to their friends at No. 1242 Washington boulevard, after March 15.

"My Daughter's Life

Was saved by Hood's Sarsaparilla," says Mr. B. B. Jones of Alna, Maine. "She had seven running sores in different places on her body, but since giving her Hood's Sarsaparilla she has become well, strong and healthy.

FEEHANVILLE.

Some Account of St. Mary's Training School, on the Beautiful Desplaines River, and of the Boys Who Are There Assisted on the Voyage of Life.

An Institution Where Moral and Manual Training go Hand in Hand—Where Weak Youth is Guarded and Strengthened by the Pious Teaching and Example of Christian Brothers.

It is a pleasant trip of about an hour's duration, over the Northwestern railroad, from Chicago to St. Mary's Training School, at Feehanville. The train stops at Desplaines station, and the traveler finds a team in waiting to take him over two miles of good country road from that pleasant suburb to the well known institute, where boys of tender years, removed from dangerous surroundings at home—if they have homes—are given a practical education, both manual and intellectual, under the tuition of the Christian Brothers. Eighteen members of this noble Order train the 350 boys, or thereabout, placed under their charge, and blaze a trail for them, as it were, through the tangled wilderness of life.

Feehanville proper, which consists of several buildings of somewhat peculiar, but, at the same time, imposing exterior, is situated in a delightful champaign country, almost perfectly level, luxuriantly timbered, and having the pellucid Desplaines river running through the grounds, a source of pleasure and cleanliness to all the inhabitants of the worthy establishment. There is nothing of the prison in the aspect of Feehanville. Everything there presents a cheerful aspect, and it has all the alluring features of a well kept and prosperous farm. Almost everything needed for the sustenance of the Brothers and the boys is raised upon the grounds, which comprise 440 acres, devoted to purposes of pasture and tillage. At this season of the year, in particular, the farmyard resounds with the bleating of the new-born lambs, many of whom are couplets and triplets, taken from their dams and brought up, like regular babies, on the bottle. It is very amusing to see the dignified Christian Brothers, arrayed in their long cassocks and broad hats, pursued, whenever they appear in the farm yard, by dozens of lammies, all asking to be fed in their plaintive and persuasive way.

A goodly clump of black cattle, most of them excellent milkers, some hardy looking horses, a group of well conditioned hogs and a large contingent of "chickens," give indication that, as the produce is never sold, the larder at Feehanville is always abundantly supplied. In addition, good crops of oats and potatoes are produced from the soil, hardly a foot of which remains unutilized. The boys all look clean, well clad, healthy and happy. Indeed the sanitary condition must be excellent, when it is a fact that only one death has occurred at the institution during the last four years.

Although Feehanville may be considered, in some sort, a mild reformatory, it must not, therefore, be inferred that all the pupils, or nearly all, are drawn from vicious or criminal surroundings. Many good boys, left suddenly destitute, are found among the inmates, and most of them have been taken in hand before moral decomposition had set in to any alarming degree. The course of instruction is on the half-day system—one set of boys working and another set being taught, in rotation. Under the guidance of competent instructors, the boys are taught to make and repair their own shoes and garments, and they do their work in satisfactory fashion. There is also a printing room, in which the great art of composition is taught, and the work turned out by the youngsters, under the superintendency of Brother Thomas, compares favorably with the same class of work in city job offices. When a boy is found lacking in taste as a tailor, a shoemaker or a printer, he is transferred to something more suitable, and, in this way, free scope is given to the diversified talents of the pupils.

The farming department is under the guidance of a head farmer of wide knowledge, and, when opportunity offers, most of the boys take to the calling of husbandry with gratifying enthusiasm.

The resident chaplain at Feehanville is the Rev. Father McShane, and the chapel has accommodation for 800 boys—a larger number than has ever yet been assembled at one time in the institution. Boys of all creeds and races, and colors, are accepted at Feehanville, but all are obliged to conform to the rules and regulations of the Christian Brothers while they remain in training. One of the brightest boys in the school at present is a little orphan Hebrew, who is a marvel at figures, and has history at his tongue's end. Hundreds of these poor boys find good homes after a period of training at Feehanville, and the overwhelming majority continue in the straight path on which they have been guided by the admirable corps of Christian Brother instructors.

The report for the fiscal year 1893–4 has not yet been issued, but that of the preceding year, from which there is but slight variation, shows the following statistics:

Number boys in the School Jan. 1	325
Number received during year	356
	681
Number discharged during year	340
Number remain'g in School Dec. 1	341

The 341 boys in the School at the time are classified as follows:

Pupils partly defraying their cost of maintenance	62
Pupils sent by Cook county	270
" paid for by Cook county	151
" sent by Peoria county	5
Pupils sent by LaSalle county	1
" " Winnebago county	1
" " Knox county	1
" " Will county	1
Total	341
Daily average attendance	341

The value of farm produce during the same fiscal year was:

Farm and garden	$3,021.25
Dairy and farm yards	4,831.78
Mattresses and bedding (made in the shops)	195.25

In the tailor shop there were made 3,157 garments, etc., while 11,373 were repaired. In the shoe shop 1,040 pairs were made and 1,520 pairs repaired. All carpenter work, painting and glazing included, was done by the pupils and their trainers, as was also all laundering, baking and sanitary improvements. The receipts footed up $29,841.53 and the expenditures left a balance of cash on hand, Jan. 1, 1893, of $455.13. The resources of the institution were valued at $141,789.05, including farm and improvements, buildings, live stock and amounts due from Cook and other counties, which, however, were not very large.

The liabilities were as follows:

Unpaid bills for 1892	$ 3,500.45
Mortgage	40,000.00
Net assets	98,288.60
Total	$141,789.05

The donations during the year were rather meagre, only $181.75 having been received from that source. This is not as it should be, because an institution that has since its foundation trained in the ways of righteousness, and provided good situations and homes for about three thousand boys, who otherwise might have, in most cases, gone to perdition, deserves more liberal support from those who desire to save an important number of the rising generation from moral degradation and physical misery.

Feehanville, as its name implies, is called after its founder and chief patron, the Most Rev. Archbishop of Chicago, who has always looked after its welfare with paternal solicitude. His Grace is ex-officio president, and the other officers at the last report were James H. Burke, president; Peter Conlan, first vice-president; Michael Sullivan, second vice president, and the Rev. P. J. Muldoon, secretary and treasurer. At the present time, the director and superintendent is Brother Elexius, who takes a vivid interest in his duties, and who is ably assisted by Brother Leo. Feehanville has been in existence somewhat over twelve years, and holds high rank among the benevolent institutions of the state in public estimation.

Among the gentlemen who, with Archbishop Feehan, were actively instrumental in founding it, and procuring its charter, may be mentioned Bernard Curtis, D. F. Bremner, P. H. Rice, W. A. Amberg, C. A. Mair, William J. Quan, William P. Rend, John R. Walsh, the late Bernard Callaghan, John J. McGrath, Michael Cudahy, the late Thos. Lynch, John Cudahy, John Curran, the late J. B. Sullivan, Capt. Thomas Brennan, P. J. Healy, P. F. Gillespie, the late Michael Keeley, P. Conlan, Z. P. Brosseau, William McCoy, James H. Burke, Andrew Mullen, H. Coughlin, Daniel Scully, Thomas Connelly, Frank W. Young and Bernard Fackleday.

It was the good fortune of the writer to accompany the Rev. Father O'Connell and Mr. Bernard Curtis to Feehanville, one pleasant day of last week, and to see for himself the workings of St. Mary's school, in everyday aspect. The cheerfulness and cleanliness of the boys were particularly apparent. Most of them have well formed heads and intelligent faces, and they are placed under splendid moral and physical instruction at an age when impressions, for good or ill, are most easily made. Whatever of evil some of those boys may have learned before going to Feehanville, cannot help being eradicated by the admirable system of moral expurgation in vogue at the institute. The latter is a noble monument to the zeal, piety and practical benevolence of the Archbishop, and should be a matter of pride to every Catholic, and, in fact, to every man of every creed who believes in rescuing helpless and unfortunate youth from the abyss of temptation and crime.

The writer should have mentioned that the visiting party experienced most courteous and hospitable treatment at hands of the good Brothers Elexius, Leo and their associates, and are likewise indebted for similar favors to Mr. Patrick Condon, superintendent of the Parmelee stock farm, which immediately adjoins the grounds of Feehanville.

IRISH NEWS.

On Jan. 19 a young girl, daughter of Mr. Gannon, of Castlebellinghanf, went into a corn mill belonging to her father, through motives of curiosity, and while moving about her dress became entangled in the revolving machinery, and she was dragged into it sustaining shocking injuries to head, arms, and legs. She was conveyed to one of the Dublin hospitals, accompanied by her mother.

At a meeting of the executive committee of the Irish Landowners' Convention on Jan. 18, arrangements were made for the holding of the annual convention Feb. 8. The committee had prepared a statement from parliamentary returns showing that from Aug. 21, 1881, when the revision of rents was commenced, down to March 31, 1893, judicial rents were fixed in 288,054 cases. Of these 125,482 were in Ulster; 45,357 in Leinster; 67,236 in Connacht, and 49,979 in Munster. The aggregate acreage dealt with in Ulster was 2,850,761 acres; in Leinster 1,913,999 acres; in Connacht 1,505,963 acres, and in Munster 2,395,426 acres. The aggregate rents of the farms in Ulster before revision were £1,909,683; in Leinster £1,619,689; in Connacht £759,226, and in Munster £1,687,097. These figures were reduced by the revision commissioners to £1,537,568 in the case of Ulster, to £1,237,293 in Leinster, to £596,484 in Connacht, and £1,311,916 in Munster. The average reduction in Ulster was 19.4 per cent of the rents submitted for revision, in Leinster 20.5 per cent, in Connacht 21.4 per cent, and in Munster, where it was highest, 22.2 per cent. The average reduction throughout the four provinces was 20.7 per cent.

The remains of the late parish priest of Doora, Rev. James Walsh, arrived at Ennis, from Taistogue, county Kilkenny, two weeks ago, where he died while on a visit to his brother, Mr. Peter Walsh, J.P. Father Walsh was in his 65th year, and had been in failing health for some time. Educated first at St. John's, Waterford, and subsequently at Maynooth, he was ordained in the diocese of Kildare in 1855. He was first curate of Ruan, and subsequently at Doora. Afterward he was P.P. at Killanena, and administrator at Newmarket-on-Fergus, and ten years later was translated to Doora parish. The interment took place at Doora, after high mass, at which the Most Rev. Dr. McRedmond presided.

For The Citizen.

THE SIEGE OF LIMERICK.

BY JOHN MYERS O'HARA.

I chose me a pike from the finest pick
When the Orange advanced upon Limerick,
And I ground it down so its edge was keen
As the glittering sword of the Damascene,
And I tested its strength till its answer firm
Rang clearly out with a bell-like charm
And I fixed it fast to a handle free
I hewed and smoothed from the tough ash tree.

Dead faces that haunted I could not evade
And I swore and reswore I would bury its blade
Sheer up to the hilt in the bosom of him
Who ventured the rush of its vengeance to stem;
Soon I heard the crash of the reeling wall
Shattered and sagged by the cannon-ball,
And the ominous pause and the ghastly awe
That preceded the charge of the Sassenach.

Right grimly and silently up to the rent
I hurried with others that Sarsfield sent,
And we couched near the ramparts like Indian braves
And waited the charge of the oncoming knaves;
We shifted no finger and moved not a head
And the silence that settled was that of the dead,
And the flaming tides in our veins seemed cool
As the crystal wave of the shadowed pool.

I stood like a statue of stone by the breach
And the foe came steadily into reach,
Then I caught up my pike and with frenzied sweep
In a Sassenach breast I drove it deep,
And the blood spurted out from the wound and run
And the crimson stain on my knuckles shone
When I poised it aloft and shot it in
Through another's throat like a javelin.

My arms were pierced by the Briton's blade
And the flesh was cut on my wrists and [illegible]yed,
But I minded it not with revenge enthused
And my soul and my body so interfused
That I had no sense of the stinging pain,
And my steel ate into the ranks of Cain
And they dropped like the poisonous weeds that writhe
To death neath the stroke of the pruner's scythe.

There urged me on like a Nemesis
The features pale of the Irish lass
And the shuddering shriek of the Irish wife,
And I plowed like a demon deep into the strife
A furrow that run like a river of red
For the living bruise of an old grief bled
And I say her fall a virgin yet
Pierced through by a Cromwell bayonet.

As they slunk back slowly in sullen retreat
With their corses accursed we covered the street,
They were knotted and strewn along the way
And in tumbled heaps at the corners lay
And dense as the leaves on the woodland path
Wound on that terrible trail of death,
Till it passed through the gap in the wall
Where I saw the first of my comrades fall.

Then my pike slid out of my hand and faint
I gasped the name of my patron saint
And a gloom rushed in on my sight and blurred
A vision that wept and a faltered word
That was low and sweet as the stock-dove's note
And one with the vision to overfloat
My face when I woke, but it faded away
As an orb of light in the dawn of day.

IRISH-AMERICAN COUNCIL.

The Irish-American Council of this city will meet at Fitzgerald's Hall, corner of Halsted and Adams streets, on Sunday, Feb. 18, at 2 p.m., to make arrangements for the proper celebration of St. Patrick's Day, March 17. Societies are requested to send three delegates each.

John Foley, Prest.
Frank Conroy, Sec.

For the first three weeks of this year the traffic receipts of the Waterford & Limerick Railroad Company showed an increase of £567 over the corresponding period of 1893.

GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Tobar Deire-an-Domhain.

[Air leanamhain.]

"Téidh asteach 'sa' m-bád sin anois, agus an uair rachfaid tu do'n taoibh eile, béidh each rómhad le do thabhairt chomh fada leis an gcros-bhóthar 'n áit a d'fhág tu do dhearbhráithreacha." Chuaidh an mac righ asteach 'sa' m-bád, agus nior bh' fhada go raibh sé air an taoibh eile, agus bhi each bán ann sin roimhe. Chuaidh sé ag marcuigheacht agus d'imthigh an t-each chomh tapa leis an n-gaoith. Timchioll an dó-dheug a' chloig an lá sin, bhi sé ag an g-cros-bhóthar. D'fheuch an mac righ thart, acht ni fhacaidh sé na dearbhráithreacha ná aon chlochán, agus dubhairt sé leis féin "b'éidir go bh-fuil siad ag an teach-ósta." Chuaidh sé go d-ti an áit sin, agus fuair Art agus Neart agus iad dá d-trian air meisge.

D'fhiafruigheadar de cia an chaoi chuaidh sé air aghaidh ó d'fhág sé iad. "Fuair mé amach tobar Deire-an-Domhain agus tá buideul uisge agam," ar Ceart.

Bhi Neart agus Art lionta d'eud, agus dubhairt siad le chéile, "is mór an náire go m-beidh-eadh an rioghacht ag an mac is óige." "Marbh-famaoid é, agus bhéaramaoid an buideul uisge dom' athar," ar Neart, "agus deurfamaoid gur sinn féin a chuaidh go tobar Deire-an-Domhain.' "Ni'l mé leat ann sin," ar Art, "acht cuirfimid air meisge é, agus bainfimid an buideul de. Creidfidh m'athair thusa agus mise sul chreidfidh sé ár n-dearbhráthair, mar tá tuairim aige nach bh-fuil ann acht leath-amadán."

Ann sin dubhairt se le Ceart, "ó thária go d-tancamar abhaile slán sábháilta béidh deoch againn sul théidhmid abhaile." Ghlaodh siad air chárt biotáille agus chuireadar d'fhiachaibh air Cheart an chuid is mó de d'ól, agus thuit sé air meisge. Ann sin bhaineadar an buideul uisge dhé, chuadar abhaile, agus thugadar do'n righ é. Chuir sé braon air a chois, agus rinne sé i chomh maith agus bhi sí ariamh.

Ann sin d'innis siad dó go raibh triobhóid mhór orra leis an m-buideul uisge d'fhághail, go m-b'éigin dóibh fathaigh do throid, agus do dhul tré dhainseur mór. "An bh-facaidh sibh Ceart ann bhur m-bealach?" ar san righ. "Ni dheachaidh sé nios faide 'na an teach-ósda ó d'fhág sé so," ar siad-san "agus tá sé ann anois, dall air meisge." "Ni raibh aon mhaith ann ariamh," ar san righ, "acht ni thig linn a fhágbháil ann sin." Ann sin chuir sé seisear fear go d-ti an teach-ósda, agus d'iomchar siad Ceart abhaile.

An uair thainig sé chuige féin, rinne an righ searbhfóghanta dhé, a dheunfadh uile obair shalach timchioll an chalsleáin.

[Le sheith leanta.]

IRISH NEWS.

The death is announced of Sister Mary Agnes, a holy and talented member of the Order of Mercy, which occurred at the Convent, Ardee, after a lingering illness. Sister Mary Agnes was a native of Dublin, her family name being Miss Kate Connolly. She died in the 87th year of her age, and fifteenth of her religious profession.

Mrs. Dunne, of Chord road, Drogheda, will benefit to the extent of £7,000 by the death of her sister in San Francisco. The deceased sister's maiden name was Bridget Smyth, who, before she emigrated forty years ago, occupied a cellar underneath the shop now occupied by Messrs. Clark, West street, Drogheda.

The ceremony of the profession of two nuns took place at the convent of Mercy, Dundalk, on Jan. 18. The young ladies who made the solemn vows of renunciation of the world, and received the black veil, were Miss Kate Clarke (in religion Sister Mary Johanna), daughter of Mr. Bryan Clarke, Dundalk, and sister of the Rev. John Clarke, C.C., Drogheda, and Miss Mary Kearney (in religion Sister Mary Alphonsus), daughter of the late Mr. Owen Kearney, Church street, Dundalk. Cardinal Logue officiated, assisted by the Very Rev. Hugh McSherry, Adm., Dundalk.

While Mr. Jenkins, district paymaster of coastguards, Miss Martin, of Midleton Park, and several other ladies and gentlemen were waiting for the government ferry at Haulbowline on Thursday fortnight, Miss Martin fell into the water. Mr. Jenkins plunged in to the rescue and was drowned. The lady was rescued by a ferryman.

At the recent final examination of apprentices seeking to be admitted solicitors, says the Waterford *News*, first place and the gold medal were awarded to a brilliant Waterford man, Mr. W. A. Fitzhenry, late of the Mall. Mr. Fitzhenry has been chosen as lecturer in Political Economy at the Royal University of Ireland. The third place and a special certificate in the solicitors' examination were won by Mr. Patrick Murphy, who served his apprenticeship to Mr. D. Dunford, solicitor, Waterford. Mr. Murphy is a nephew of the Rev. Nicholas Murphy, the popular pastor of Kilmanagh, county Kilkenny.

On Sunday, Jan. 21, Martin Moran, Ardmore, Westport, died at the age of 102 years. He was highly respected by all who knew him. The interment was at Aughaville.

Speaking of the action of the governors of the Richmond Lunatic Asylum in cancelling the name of a London firm in their contract for matches and substituting Paterson, of Dublin and Belfast, the Dublin *Evening Telegraph* says: "The order was for 'safety maches,' and the board must have been under the impression that they could be got nowhere but from England when the contract was first signed. Messrs. Paterson have to be congratulated on their energy in taking up the question, and setting a good example for other firms not a hundred miles from home, who, if they showed a little more zeal in their endeavors to bring home manufacture to the front, would not be in a state of semi-bankruptcy, as many are. Irishmen have not the 'go' or thoroughness they seem to have in either England or Scotland in regard to pushing trade. Let the workers now assist by using no other 'lights' but Irish.

The Queenstown correspondent of the *Independent* announces the sudden and rather tragic death of Mr. John Anthony O'Connell, T.C., which occurred about 1:30 o'clock on the morning of Jan. 24, in the ballroom of the Queen's Hotel, Queenstown. The annual soiree of the Commercial Young Men of Queenstown was being held in the assembly rooms of the hotel. There were about thirty couples in attendance, among whom was the deceased. During the progress of a dance he was observed to suddenly drop away from his partner, to whom he made some observation, and fell on a chair from which he dropped to the floor, and died immediately. Priest and doctor were at once sent for, but life was extinct before their arrival. Deceased was about 50 years of age and unmarried. He was vice-president of the League of the Cross, chairman of the G.A.A., a town commissioner, and chairman of the Commercial club.

The Mayo *News* of Jan. 27 has the following: "The well known 'Irish Poor Scholar,' Tom Duffy, of Drummin, died at Glynsk, on Wednesday, in his 97th year. Two days yreviously he left Drummin to pay a visit to William O'Brien, M.P., at Mallow Cottage, but was taken ill, and had to abandon the journey."

The body of a man named Joshua Brook was found in a dam at Liversedge a few days ago. Deceased, who was 44 years of age, was formerly a carpet weaver, and had been missing since Nov. 15.

The Dublin *Independent* of Jan. 27 contains the following in regard to Michael Walsh, who has been released from Mountjoy prison: "It may be recollected that about a dozen years ago, during the viceroyalty of Lord Spencer, a sergeant of constabulary was shot dead at the Cross roads of Letterfrack, county Galway. Walsh (now 28 years old) and his elder brother were tried in Green street, and the elder man was convicted and hanged in Galway prison; the other tried separately for the same offense, was sentenced to penal servitude for life. Walsh was so weak that on his release he had to be conveyed to the Mater Hospital, where he is now confined to bed. He was visited at the hospital by Mr. T. Harrington, M.P., who was able to give him news of his mother and the other members of his family, who are at present in Chicago. Mrs. Walsh, a few weeks since, wrote to the member for the Harbor Division asking him to endeavor to procure the release of her son, and she was prepared to take him to America and provide for him. She knew at the time that his health had suffered, but she was not aware that it was in so low a condition as it was found to be. Poor Walsh has already made some progress since his admission to the hospital, but it is pretty evident that it will be a considerable time before he is able to undertake a voyage to America."

Mr. Patrick Doherty, died at his residence, Cathedral place, Limerick, Jan. 24, after a long and tedious illness. He was an old and active member of St. John's Gaelic Football club, and played in all the principal matches in which the club was engaged since its inception, and was in a great measure the means of victories in Limerick city and county, Cork, Kerry, Clare, and Tipperary.

At the Munster fair, Limerick, on the 26th ult., there were 2,464 cattle and 771 sheep on the fairgreen. The fair was a good one, and a large number of exchanges took place at prices not below the current standard. Fat cattle were looked for, and stores, if in fair condition, were picked up quickly. Three year olds fetched up to £18, and two year olds £9 to £12 in a few instances. Prime beef, 55s to 60s; secondary, 40s to 50s per cwt. Mutton sold at 6d to 7d per pound, best quality; 5d to 6d inferior.

Recent Deaths.—The following announcements of deaths appear in our Irish exchanges:

Mr. Thomas Horkan, Liscottle, Swinford, died at his residence on the 11th ult., after a few days illness. He was attended in his last moments by the Rev. Father Cullen, C.C., Swinford.

Capt. Anthony John Cliffe, J.F., D.L., Bellview, Enniscorthy, died on Jan. 24 at an advanced age. He was one of the most extensive landed proprietors in the county Wexford, and had also estates in the county Cork.

Capt. Smith Barry died at his residence, Ballyedmond, county Cork, Jan. 23. He is succeeded in his estates by his eldest son, M. Bertie Smith-Barry.

Patrick O'Halloran, of Taylor's Hill, Galway, an extensive contractor and builder, died Jan 23, aged 84.

Miss Annie Dolphin, youngest daughter of the late Oliver Dolphin, Esq., of Turoe, Loughrea, died on the 21st ult., at 44 Fitzwilliam place, Dublin, the residence of her sister, Mrs. Martyn. Miss Dolphin was universally esteemed and and admired by all who knew her.

Mrs. Gildea, widow of the late Very Rev. George Robert Gildea, late provost of Tuam, died Jan. 25 at the age of 96 years. Mr. Gildea, who will be remembered in connection with his work of reproductive relief spinning during the famine of 1847-8, died six years ago.

The death of Thomas Gill occurred at his residence, Carabane, Ballintubber, Jan. 21, at the age of 84. Deceased was a member of one of the oldest and most respected families in the parish of Ballintubber.

At Kilkenny, Patrick Birch, aged 82 years.

Daniel Brennan, Clinstown, National School teacher, died Jan. 21, aged 65.

At Neigham, county Kilkenny, the wife of James Cahill.

Miss Mary Cormack, Knocknlty, Jan. 21, aged 21.

At 294 Phibsborough road, Dublin, Jan. 23, John Leckie.

Something Interetisng to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

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ESTATE OF JOSEPH CONDON, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Joseph Condon, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the city of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April, A. D. 1894, being the 16th day thereof.
Dated Chicago, Illinois, February 10, 1894.
BRIDGET CONDON, Administratrix.

ESTATE OF JAMES HOGAN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of James Hogan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April, A. D. 1894, being the 16th day thereof.
Dated Chicago, Illinois, February 10, 1894.
WILLIAM J. NEWMAN, Administrator.

ESTATE OF BENJAMIN J. WILLIAMS, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Benjamin J. Williams, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April, A. D. 1894, being the 16th day thereof.
Dated Chicago, Illinois, February 10, 1894.
SARAH WILLIAMS, Executrix.

ESTATE OF MATHIAS URBANUS, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Mathias Urbanus, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April, A. D. 1894, being the 16th day thereof.
Dated Chicago, Illinois, February 10, 1894.
JOHN M. G. URBANUS, Administrator.

JAMES McENERNY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 1108 UNITY BUILDING.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Superior Court of Cook County. January Term A. D. 1894. Cora Wilson vs. Samuel M. Wilson. In Chancery. No. 158,479.
Notice is hereby given to the said Samuel M. Wilson that the above named complainant heretofore filed her bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Superior Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the first Monday of January A. D. 1894, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.
STEPHEN D GRIFFIN, Clerk.
James McEnerny, Complainant's Solicitor.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 97 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss.—Probate Court of Cook County. Mary Hughes, administratrix of the estate of John W. Hughes, deceased, vs Margaret Hughes, James Hughes, John Thomas Hughes, William Hughes, Katie Hughes, and George Hughes, Nellie Hughes, Alice Hughes, and Stella Hughes, minors, and Frederick J. Schrier, Willoughby S. Lockwood, William J. Strickland and The Free Home Building Loan and Homestead Association, a corporation, etc.
(Petition to sell real estate to pay debts.)
Public notice is hereby given that by virtue of a decretal order made and entered of record in the above entitled cause by the Probate Court of Cook County, in the State of Illinois, on the 24th day of January A. D. 1894, the undersigned Mary Hughes, administratrix of said estate, will sell at public vendue to the highest and best bidder, for cash on Thursday, the first (1st) day of March, A. D. 1894, at the hour of eleven (11) o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the judicial salesroom of the Chicago Real Estate Board, 59 Dearborn street, in the City of Chicago, County of Cook, and State of Illinois, all the right, title and interest which was of the said John W. Hughes, deceased, at the time of his death, in and to the following described real estate, situated in the County of Cook and State of Illinois, to-wit: Lot two hundred and eighty-seven (287) in Fowler's re-subdivision of part of the Southside Homestead Association addition, in section nine (9), township thirty-eight (38) north, range fourteen (14) east of the third (3d) principal meridian, to pay the debts of said estate, and costs of administration of said estate, accrued and to accrue. Said real estate will be sold subject to a mortgage dated August 23, 1892, given by said John W. Hughes and Margaret Hughes his wife to the Free Home Building Loan and Homestead Association to secure the note of said John W. Hughes of even date with said mortgage for the sum of $2,300, subject also to the dower right of Margaret Hughes, widow of said John W. Hughes, deceased.
No deed will be executed until the report of sale is confirmed by said Probate Court.
Dated Chicago, January 25, 1894.
MARY HUGHES,
Administratrix of the Estate of John W. Hughes, deceased.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

A LOST CHILD.

Today I saw in a Pacific coast newspaper an account of a lost child. It brought freshly to my mind a search for a lost child in which I participated 40 years ago. It was the only case of the kind with which I ever had anything to do. Children are often lost in large towns and cities, to the alarm and grief of their parents, but the straying of a child in a place thronged with people is not so serious a matter as is the wandering away of a little one into the boundless wilds of an unsettled country. The police are notified, advertisements inserted in the daily papers, and as some one is pretty sure to have found and taken care of the little waif it is soon restored to the arms of its parents, except in the rare cases of kidnaping. In wild regions, however, when a child is known to be lost, it is necessary to at once organize searching parties and scour the country for miles in all directions. Nothing more quickly arouses the people of a settlement in one of our western wilds than the news that a child has been lost. The sympathy of even the most stolid in the community is awakened. In isolated settlements all are drawn together as a sort of class or large family, each member of which is familiarly acquainted with every other member, both great and small. This being the case, when a child is lost by one of the families of such a community, it is only necessary to mention its name to bring its image to the mind's eye of every one. Besides, there will be scores of persons who have fondled and dandled the missing little one, looked into its innocent eyes and listened to its pretty prattle.

My experience in hunting for a lost child was had in Iowa in 1851. It was in what was known as the Wapse-noe-nock (White Earth Creek) settlement, half way between Muscatine and Iowa City. To the southward was a heavy body of timber, a mile or two in width and extending for 30 miles along the creek—the Wapse-noe-nock—while to the west and north lay the wild and boundless prairie.

One night, late in October, I was aroused by a cry of: "Hello, hello! The house!"

It was about 10 o'clock at night. Springing out of bed, I raised a window and sang out, "Hello!"

"A child is lost—William Henderson's little Lizzie. They missed her about sundown, and since then we have been searching everywhere. Come and bring all the help you can. I am going to carry the news to the other neighbors in this direction," and the man, a neighbor, whose voice I at once recognized, galloped on.

The farm of William Henderson was two miles away, on the edge of the boundless prairie lying to the northward. My brothers and every man about the house turned out and began dressing, for all had heard the alarming news and all knew the lost child—a little 4-year-old. Without waiting to go out upon the prairie to catch up horses, we all struck out on foot for the Henderson farm. When we arrived at Henderson's house, we found it filled with women. Mrs. Henderson was wild. She was determined to rush forth into the prairie, despite the darkness of the night. "The wolves! the wolves!" was her constant cry. "The wolves will kill my poor child!" Twenty women were present and all nearly as frantic as the mother. The house was a perfect bedlam.

It was not without reason that the mind of the mother was filled with fear of wolves. At that time the prairies were full of coyotes, bands of which nightly prowled about the outlying farms, ready to slip in and carry off lambs or fowls. When intent upon such thieving, they are quiet enough, but if balked by the flashing of lights or an unusual commotion, they stand off at a distance and yelp out their disappointment and anger. This evening the hungry brutes, owing to the stir about the farm, had been particularly noisy and indignant. The howls and yelps were torture to the poor mother. Some boys had two or three times gone out into the prairie back of the fields with dogs, but the wolves were in such force that they each time turned and followed the dogs in as soon as the boys turned about. Whenever the wolves began yelping, the poor mother would make a rush for the door, but four or five women, who had resolved themselves into a sort of bodyguard, always piled upon her and dragged her back. As the mother was an unusually large and strong woman, these struggles were so fierce as to frighten the 15 or 20 youngsters collected at the house and set them all to screeching at the top of their voices.

After witnessing a skirmish or two of the kind mentioned, and being unable to obtain any useful information at the house, we beat a retreat. The men were all out in a stretch of prairie that lay east of the farm. Toward them we hastened. Before us was a beautiful sight. Not only all the farmers, but all the residents of the little village of West Liberty, had taken the field. About 60 men on horseback, each with a huge torch, were seen moving slowly in line across the prairie. The horsemen were about 50 feet apart, and between each pair was a footman. They swept over a wide swath, and when out a mile from the fields would turn, form again and move back again over new ground. In order not to trample the child under the feet of their horses they did not move out of a walk. At the fields a number of old men were splitting up fencerails and making torches. Thus they were going over the prairie nearest the house, almost foot by foot.

This unusual sight stirred up the impish coyotes, and they could be frequently heard yelping on the prairie to the northward of the farm, quite heedless of the gun and pistol shots when they raised their infernal howl.

The father of the lost child was among the mounted men. He was calm, but his face looked like that of a dead man in the glare of his torch. We had failed to obtain any useful information at the house, and when the father came to the fence where the torches were renewed a cousin who was with me approached him. "Mr. Henderson," he said, "keep up your courage. Your child will be found, if not tonight, then surely very soon after daylight. What kind of shoes did she have on?"

"A pair of little buckskin moccasins," said the father.

"That is all I wanted to learn," said my cousin. "Take courage, Mr. Henderson."

My cousin then went to a man from the village who had a bullseye lantern, and borrowing it started off alone in the direction of the house. This cousin—Milton Moore by name—had recently returned from the pineries of Wisconsin, where for three years he had been lumbering on the Chippewa river. He was a great hunter and had been much among the Chippewa and the Winnebago Indians. In his hunting expeditions among the Indians and with their young braves he had become an expert in the art of trailing. I think few Indians could have beaten him.

When he left with his lantern, I asked no questions. I knew he was off on business. I also knew that he did not like questions. Although only 24 years of age, he had the gravity and stoicism of an Indian brave. A few years more among the red men would have fixed him in their ways for life. As it was, he did not get the Indian out of him for about three years. He would every once in awhile take his gun and slip away to join some roving band of Indian hunters, presently returning a painted brave and adorned in all the finery of a young red man, every stitch of his civilized dress swapped off for fringed and beaded buckskin, and many dollars given to boot.

In about an hour my cousin came back. A large bonfire of fencerails had been made, near which I was standing. Seeing my cousin come into the edge of the circle of light thrown from the fire and make me a sign, I went out to him, and we withdrew into the dark.

"Well, what news?" I asked.

"Bad, bad!" said he. "The child has gone into the hogpen."

"Great God! You don't mean to say that she has been devoured by the hogs?"

"No; I hope not. I could find no fragments of her dress. But if she escaped the hogs I fear she is drowned. At the side of the lot in which the hogs are penned is a slough well about 10 feet deep. I found the child's tracks in the lane leading from the house out to the prairie—the tracks turned and followed the fence of the field. Then she crawled through the fence and went toward the well inside the hogpen, in a corner of the fence. There I lost the track. Don't let the father know. Take a lantern and half a dozen men, then quietly slip away, rig some kind of grappling hooks and examine the well. If you don't find the body in the well, search every part of the lot for scraps of the child's dress. I shall go southward along the line of the field, and if she came out of that pen alive I hope somewhere to again find the little moccasin tracks."

Soundings showed the slough well to contain only about four feet of water. I would wait for no grappling hooks. Taking a rail from the fence for use as a ladder, I slipped off my clothes and descended to the bottom of the well. It was a very cold bath, but I examined every inch of the well's bottom and found nothing but a drowned pig. This relieved our minds of all thoughts of the well. While I was dressing, the men with me took the lantern and began searching the corral, a lot of half an acre containing about 60 half wild hogs of some unrecognizable prairie breed. While looking for shreds of clothing, the men were also to look for blood on the jaws of such of the hogs as were white haired.

Stooping and groping up to my neck in water had so chilled me that I left the examination of the lot to the others and bent my course toward the bonfires, a quarter of a mile away to the southward. Just before reaching the fires I met my cousin. Said he: "All looks well again. The child came out of the hogpen all right. I have found the prints of her moccasins in three places in the dirt thrown out of gopher holes. She is following the main line of fence southward among the cornfields of the different farms, crawling back and forth through the fence. I left her track in the cornfield of her Uncle John Lewis. What I want you to do is to call off the horsemen who are working southward over the prairie. I want nobody to go in that direction to obliterate the trail I am following. Make the father understand this. Tell him that, if left to myself, I will find his child. To convince him that I know what I am about, give him these threads which I found in places where his little girl had crawled through the fence," and he gave me three or four bright woolen threads from a fringed hood worn by the child.

I went toward the half dozen bonfires blazing on the edge of the prairie, while my cousin hurried away to the southward. It was now about 1 o'clock in the morning and so cold that groups of men were huddled about all the fires. The horsemen soon came in when I announced the news of the tracks of the child having been found far to the southward of the hogpen.

"The hogpen!" cried the father. He had been kept in ignorance of the child having been trailed into the corral. When fully informed of what has been related above, the father cried out, "Thank God that she passed there in safety!" Soon, however, he said, "But are you sure her tracks have been found beyond the hog lot?"

"Yes, sure," said I. "Here are threads from the child's hood found in places where she crawled through cracks in the fence."

The father clutched the threads, and kissing them placed them in his vest pocket. "I am convinced," said he. Being informed of my cousin's wishes, Mr. Henderson then asked all to discontinue the search until further orders.

The horsemen dismounted and tying their animals to the fence gathered about the fires. Fencerails were heaped upon the bonfires as freely as though they had been ordinary cordwood. The men brought corn from the adjoining field and parched it on the cob, either by burying the ears in hot embers or by toasting them on a stick. Armfuls of corn were also brought out for the horses. One seemed in a camp of Missouri jayhawkers.

Men on foot and on horseback had been coming in all night, and a considerable number were still arriving, some from farms five and ten miles distant. Altogether nearly 300 men, young and old, were in the field. There were present representatives of about 20 families, all nearly related to the lost child, with old Enoch Lewis, the Quaker grandfather, at the head.

News was sent to the mother that the child had not gone out into the prairies—that her tracks were being followed southward among the cornfields of the farms surrounding the village of West Liberty. This was news that would relieve her mind from fear of the packs of wolves that had been yelping in the prairie to the northward. The cowardly brutes would not venture southward past the bonfires and the crowds of men about them.

About 3 o'clock I stole away from the camp and went in search of my cousin. I followed the main fence leading south. I came to where the fence formed the dividing line between the Gregg and Bozarth farms, but still had not found my man. Climbing the fence of the Gregg farm into a great cornfield, I again moved along the line of the central fence. I had gone about 10 rods when I was brought to a halt by the voice of my cousin, the light of whose lantern I had long been straining my eyes to see.

"Well, which way?" said he. I looked about me on all sides, but in the dim starlight could see no one.

"Where are you?" I asked.

"Here," said my cousin. "Sit down."

Stooping, I peered into a fence corner and found my man lying among the grass and weeds. "What are you doing here in the dark?"

"Waiting. My lantern went out just here."

"Well, why don't you come up to the camp and get another? If the child is not soon found, she may chill to death."

"Oh, no; she has on over her dress a good thick cloak. Her father told me that. She's all right. She's found."

"Found! Where is she?"

"Not far away. She is taking another bit of a nap just now."

"Good Lord, and you lying here to let her take a nap while her father, mother and all her people are wild about her. Where is the poor little thing?"

"Somewhere out in this cornfield. I have not yet seen her."

"If you haven't seen her, how do you know where she is?"

"I'll tell you how I know. I tracked her out of her Uncle John's cornfield to this cornfield on the Gregg farm. She first went a little way into the prairie—I don't know how far—but turned and came back to the fence, as I was sure she would, for the rise in the prairie just there would make all before her the same as blank. She would turn about in search of some object familiar to her, and seeing the fence would come back to it. Just ahead was the cross fence of this field, which would bar her way, so I came on and soon found where she had crawled through it, leaving behind a little woolen mitten. I trailed her along the line of fence to this spot. Here she turned into the cornfield, and I had not followed her 10 feet before my lantern went out, so I just halted here on the trail and curled up in the fence corner to wait for daylight."

"But how do you know she's alive and sleeping?"

"Well, half an hour ago I heard her cry for a moment, just as children do at times when disturbed in their sleep. I started up, but as she ceased crying almost immediately I lay down again with my ear to the ground. About daylight, when a little breeze starts up, it will be colder, and she will cry again. Then I may get her; if not, I'll find her as soon as it is light enough to see the trail. She is not 200 yards from this spot, but I don't know the direction exactly."

"You take things very coolly. Let me go and get another lantern. Think of the wretchedness of the parents. Besides, the child may chill to death."

"No fear of her death from the cold. These little prairie youngsters are very hotblooded. I have not found it cold lying here in the weeds and grass. I told the father I'd find his child, and I'm not going to have all that rabble rushing down here, tearing through the corn like wild men. Now, go back to camp. About daylight let the child's uncle, Clark Lewis, come on his horse to the cross fence. Then you come on here, and we will go and get the child."

"But the father, what shall I tell him?"

"Give him this little mitten. Tell him that I have not lost the trail, and that he shall have his child before the sun is an hour high. But tell him to keep this news to himself and remain quietly at camp. If the men up there want to ride about the prairies, let them go—I don't want a crowd down here in this cornfield."

I went back to the camp, and taking the father aside gave him the little mitten and as much comfort as I could. A great fear that his little girl was dead immediately seized him, however. "No," said I, "she is sleeping quietly enough."

"Quietly sleeping! How do you know that?"

For answer I repeated what my cousin had told me. When I mentioned the crying of the child, the father wanted to at once rush away to my cousin. "No, let him go on in his own cool, slow and sure way. You will make him nervous and hasty."

Next I sought out Clark Lewis, and by the time I had told him what was required of him signs of dawn were visible in the east. He wished to set out immediately, and while he was getting his horse I borrowed a lantern containing half a candle in order to begin the trailing at once, for until after sunrise the light would be dim among the tall corn.

Clark Lewis halted at the cross fence while I went on and joined my cousin where he was literally and very comfortably "camped on the trail." He was glad to see the lantern, being tired of doing nothing. Besides he had again heard the voice of the child for a moment. "It has about had its sleep out and is beginning to fret because of the cold," said he.

I wanted to rush ahead with the lantern and prosecute the search, regardless of the trail. "No," said my cousin, "for I am not sure of either distance or direction, except that the faint wailing cries came from the eastward. Slow and sure is the plan."

The old fashioned tin lantern was found a poor thing for our use. It was only by opening the door of it that a sufficiently broad light for trailing could be obtained, and then it fell far short of the bullseye.

Between the rows of corn the ground was covered with pumpkin vines, foxtail grass and weeds of various kinds. I could see nothing. My cousin, however, saw everything. When shown, I could see where a pumpkin vine had been dragged out of place by the tired feet of the little one, but I could not see the moccasin prints and failed to note bent and crushed weeds. As the ground was thickly covered and hidden in most places, it was practically by what he saw among the weeds and plants that my cousin followed the trail.

It was slow work, but by flashing the light ahead to where a vine had been dragged or a corn blade broken off we occasionally went forward 10 feet at a bound. The trail, too, zigzagged about—did not go straight ahead between any two corn rows.

"She cannot be far away," said my cousin. "She has here been wandering in the dark. Darkness came upon her about the time she turned away from the fence. All looked alike to her, or she would have held to the mark which had guided her so far—the fence."

Daylight found us still puzzling over the windings of the trail. In eccentricity it reminded me of the trails of the opossums I had followed in boyhood. Not a sound had we heard from the child. This worried me, as I feared she had chilled to death.

"Nothing of the kind," said my cousin. "She has heard us and is lying low. She is in a condition to be afraid of every noise she hears."

Sunrise came, and we made better progress. The trail had turned and was leading back toward the fence. My cousin, who was about 10 feet in advance, suddenly turned and motioned me to move forward. When I came up to him, he pointed in silence to a spot about three steps beyond where we stood. There in the midst of a mass of pumpkin vines I saw the lower part of the child's red dress, but her head and the upper part of her body were hidden under some large vine leaves.

The sight gave me a great shock. "My God!" cried I, "she is dead! The poor child has perished."

At the sound of my voice up came the child's head. For a moment she stared at us with wild eyes; then on all fours she began to scuttle away, keeping her little body close to the ground, like a cat when in pursuit of game. In a moment my cousin had her in his arms. She clawed and fought him like a little wildcat, but not a word or sound escaped her lips.

She had got back to within 50 yards of the fence. As we carried her out of the field, we tried to soothe her, but she would not speak and was constantly struggling to escape. When we had carried her to her Uncle Clark, who was waiting at the cross fence, and he had told her he would take her to her papa, the wildness went out of her face at once, and she cried, "My papa, my papa!" She was her father's pet, and it was afterward found that it was in search of him that she had bundled up and sallied forth, knowing that he had gone to a neighbor's near the village.

When half way back to the camp, we came to the father, who, seated upon his horse, was waiting to hear from us. The child had hidden its face against its uncle's bosom, and seeing it carried in that way the poor man thought it was dead. "Dead, dead!" cried he. "My poor little Lizzie is dead! Oh, I feared it!"

"Dead!" cried the uncle. "No, she is as much alive as a little wildcat!"

In a moment Lizzie was in her father's arms and almost smothered with kisses. Still she looked rather wild eyed and would not speak further than to occasionally murmur fondly, "Papa—my papa."

Wild were the cheers that rent the air when we arrived at the camp—cheer upon cheer. Then a half a dozen young men rushed for their horses, and there was a wild race across the prairie to carry the news to the mother and those who had all night been waiting at the house. Whooping like wild Indians, they thundered along, spurring with their heels and smiting the flanks of their horses with their hats.

The shout sent up at the camp, a mile away, was heard at the house, and the half crazed mother at once misinterpreted it, crying: "My child is dead. Hear the shrieking! They have found her lying dead!" In vain the other women said: "They are cheering. The child is safe." It was only when the crowd of wild young horsemen came flying in with their report that the mother allowed herself to believe the child safe.

The crowding about of so many men and their wild cheering so frightened the lost girl that she clung to her father's neck and hid her face in his bosom. Then he all of a sudden caught the excitement of the moment, and spurring his horse dashed homeward about as wildly as the young men who had preceded him.—Dan de Quille in Salt Lake Tribune.

SEWAGE OF LONDON.

INTERESTING FACTS CONCERNING THE IMMENSE SYSTEM.

How Deodorizing Is Done—Strange Things Get Into the Sewers of a Great City—The People Take All For Granted and Don't Know How Things Are Done.

Londoners in general are wonderfully apathetic about matters which concern them closely and which conduce to their health, happiness and comfort. We turn on a little tap and are at once supplied with abundant light or plenty of water, but little heed is given to the previous deep thought and incessant care which have brought us to this well arranged state of affairs. Water pipes and gas pipes ramify through every street and lane and alley, distributing their valuable contents to the inhabitants of the dwellings therein. Then there are huge sewer pipes, which carry away for us all that is disagreeable and unwholesome. We do not say that our present supply of gas and water is perfect, nor that our mode of dealing with the disposal of our sewage is perfect, but at all events they are on the highroad to perfection.

It was one day, when cogitating on the vast machinery requisite to meet the demands of Londoners, and more especially to keep them in a healthy sanitary condition, that I was led to visit the outfall works of Crossness, where the sewage from the south side of London is poured into the Thames. It comes along in a sewer 11 feet 6 inches in diameter. The main pumps lift the sewage into reservoirs, where the sewage is treated chemically with lime and protosulphate of iron in the proportion of four grains of lime per gallon and one of protosulphate of iron. The sewage in the course of treatment flows along large reservoirs.

The flow is very slow, in order that the majority of solids may be deposited. It flows finally over a weir wall, and thence into the river. This is called the effluent. This treatment necessitates the use of 15 to 18 tons of lime per day, and 4 to 5 tons of protosulphate of iron. The sewage is drained off the reservoirs every two days, and men go down and thoroughly clean all the sludge out, which is swept down to a sump and pumped from there into the sludge settling channels, where it undergoes a further draining. It is then let down into a lower sludge store and pumped from there on to ships and taken to sea. Fifteen to twenty thousand tons per week of sludge are sent to sea.

There are five sludge ships altogether, which are sent out at every tide. They go some 40 miles away to the Barrow deeps. Two engines are required for pumping up the sludge from the reservoirs to the sludge settling channels, and two for pumping the sludge from the sludge store on to the ships. There are four precipitation reservoirs, the capacity of two being 6,250,000 gallons each, and that of the two smaller ones 3,125,000 gallons each.

In the warm weather the effluent is deodorized by means of manganate of soda and sulphuric acid in the proportion of one grain of manganate to .75 grain of sulphuric acid per gallon of effluent. This deodorizing at Crossness costs Londoners just £100 a day, so that it is not continued longer than absolutely necessary. Crossness Outfall works employ from 190 to 200 men. They have an engineers' shop on the spot fitted up to carry out the various repairs that are constantly required to be done.

Some strange things get into the sewers of London, and now and again babies have been found. Such are some of the most important features of a section of the great machinery of the metropolis, which never rests, never sleeps. Notwithstanding the room which exists for further improvement in the disposal of its sewage, the reduction which has been brought about in the death rate of London in modern times is as noteworthy as it is satisfactory. In the latter half of the seventeenth century the average mortality of London is said to have been not less than 80 per 1,000, at the end of the eighteenth century it had dropped to 50 per 1,000, while in 1890 it had fallen to 19.8 per 1,000.

The main intercepting and principal branch sewers which have been constructed for the conveyance of the sewage of London to the two outfalls into the river Thames at Barking and Crossness respectively measure about 80 English miles. As illustrating the magnitude of London, it has been computed that the streets and roads within the metropolis, if placed end to end in one continuous line, would measure about 2,500 miles, equal to the distance from London to Land's End, thence across the Atlantic ocean to the mouth of the gulf of St. Lawrence in Canada on the west, or going eastward would extend across the entire continent of Europe and beyond the Ural mountains into Asia.

So one can understand at a glance what it means to control its drainage, water supply, etc. Supposing we were to employ animals to do the work which our engines do for us in pumping water and sewage, we should require four times the number of horses in the entire British army, both at home and abroad. This gives some idea of the labor involved in giving us our water and taking away our sewage.—Pall Mall Budget.

Her Tap Was Different.

The mechanical figure of a woman that taps on the window of an Asylum street store with her fan to attract the attention of the passersby became an object of curiosity to a laborer in the street, and leaning on the handle of his pickax he stepped up to have a nearer look. One of his companions called out to him, "Fwat is it yez are flirtin wid, Moike?" "Phwist, there, Pat. Bedad, she remoinds me o' th' ould 'ooman when she was that young." "Away wid yez. Yer ould 'ooman cud never pound wid her phist on the windy widout breakin the glass."—Hartford Post.

MY LADY.

In my poor cot there dwelleth not
A lady lulled in laces
And satins fine. None such is mine,
But very sweet her face is—
For God, when first her heart did beat,
Smiled on her face and made it sweet!

She roboth not her dear self in
Rare gowns of queenly splendor.
She hath won all that she could win—
A heart's love—loyal, tender!
She is not rich, and yet I know
One kiss of love can make her so!

No jewels glitter on her hands,
Or e'er to love betrayed her.
Of all the ladies of the lands
She's just as God hath made her!
For when he made the morning, he
Made one rose for himself and me!

And close beside my heart I wear
That flower that fadeth never.
And if I pray 'tis but this prayer—
To keep that rose forever.
But, lo! my lady comes, and she
Brings roses of her love to me!
—Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

IT PAYS TO TELL THE TRUTH.

Lying Over the Dinner Table Nearly Finished a Man's Chances.

"Yes," said the man with the imperial, "it always pays to tell the truth. I remember that once, when I was a good deal younger, I came mighty near losing the woman who is now my wife because I lied a bit."

"To her?" asked the young man with the Vandyke beard.

"No; to her father. You see, it was this way: I was a young sprig of a clerk then, with but little money and no prospects in particular. I had seen the girl who is my wife at one or two places I had been, and I was dead in love with her. I figured around and got permission to call on her, and it wasn't long before I had proposed and had been accepted. Then came the tug of war. I had to go and ask her father for her hand. He was rich as mud and had the reputation of being the ugliest old skate in the ward. I got my courage up one morning, though, and walked into his office and struck him for the girl. After I had told him what I wanted he asked me to sit down, and we had a long talk. He inquired into my prospects and my habits and all that and wound up by inviting me to dinner the next day.

"I was tickled to death, for I thought I had made a hit with the old man, and I went to dinner the next night in high feather. The dinner itself was fair, but the wine was execrable. The old man kept filling my glass at every opportunity and urging me to drink. Then the ladies went away, and the old man produced cigars. He offered me one. I took it and lighted it. So help me, it was the poorest weed I had ever tackled, and I have gone against pressed Pittsburg tobies too! Then he poured me out another glass of wine and told me to drink it. It was something like a combination of spoiled vinegar and alcohol. It was abominable. The old man made great ado in putting his away. He smacked his lips, sipped it as if it were priceless Tokay and held it to the light in an ecstasy of admiration.

"'Great wine, that, don't you think?' he asked me. I said that it was the best I had ever tasted.

"'Oh, yes,' continued the old man. 'I imported that wine myself. Has a most magnificent bouquet. There's nothing like it in this country.' I assured him that I was confident of that. Then he went on praising it, and I chimed in with him and said three words for every one of his. I called it nectar fit for the gods. I told him that it reminded me of some very rare vintage which I had once tasted in New York and a lot of other guff like that, and wound up by assuring him that the damnable cigar I was trying to smoke was the most fragrant Havana I had ever lighted.

"The old man seemed pleased. He fairly beamed at me. I was congratulating myself that I had made an excellent stroke and was feeling on pretty good terms with myself when the old man straightened up and roared, 'Young man, you can't marry my daughter.' I ventured to ask him why, and he roared again: 'Because, sir, you are an infernal liar! You sat there tonight and perjured yourself about this slop we have been drinking in the place of wine. It is the worst concoction I ever tasted. And that cigar cost about 2 cents. You are a liar. The truth is not in you. If it is, you are a coward. You didn't dare tell me what you thought about this stuff. I want neither a liar nor a coward for a son-in-law. Get out!'

"With that he stamped out of the room, and there was nothing for me to do but go home. I made up my mind that the game was up, and I was disconsolate. I tried to see my sweetheart and was baffled at every turn. For three days I was heartbroken. Then I got a note from the old man. It read like this: 'Young man, on second thought I have made up my mind that I need a good liar in my business. Take the girl if she wants you, and I will give you an interest in the firm.'

"And that," continued the man with the imperial, "is the way I got my start in life and my wife."—Buffalo Express.

How Ice Forms.

On the surface of a river or water exposed to the air ice is made by the coldness of the air against the top of the water. When water is cooled thus, it at first shrinks in size, and therefore sinks below the less cold water next to it. This, in turn, gets cooler, shrinks and sinks, and so on, till all the water from top to bottom is lowered to 4 degrees C. above zero. As soon as the water gets colder than this it begins to swell, and therefore no longer sinks as before, but stays on the top, and if the cooling still goes on till zero C. is reached it begins to turn into ice. When, by the colder air atop of it, as much heat is taken away from this water at zero as would have raised a pound of water at zero to a pound of water at 79 degrees C., a pound of ice is formed; when twice as much, two pounds, and so on, till, if the air above the water keeps cold enough, the whole of the water will in time be made into ice.—Exchange.

IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

WHEN THEATRICAL TICKET SPECULATORS WERE IN CLOVER.

How One of Them Won a Wager by the Aid of an Old Violin Case—The Trick Was One of Jimmy Hyde's, Whom All Old Time New York Show People Know.

"The palmy days of the ticket speculator are over," said the old theatrical man. "There's nothing in the business nowadays. Newspaper criticisms, the result of public sentiment, were the first things to kill the business, and it never has and never will revive. Why, it was nothing in the old times for a man to make $25 and $50 in a night speculating. It wasn't necessary, either, for a man to stand in with the box office in order to make money, as speculators have to nowadays. A speculator could be stuck with 15 or 20 tickets and still make some profit. So far as making money now, though, there is little in it. A speculator is in luck if he can knock out $3 a night. All of the old timers who made big money speculating years ago are either dead or in other branches of the business now. A trickier or smarter crowd of fellows than some of the old time speculators could not be found.

"About the most successful game I ever saw worked by a speculator was the scheme gotten up by Jimmy Hyde, then prominent among ticket speculators, to beat the French ball. Jimmy, who is now with the Casino, made up his mind that it would be an easy thing to beat the ball out of several hundred dollars. Max Hirsch, who was then and is now treasurer of the Metropolitan Opera House, was telling Hyde about the elaborate arrangements that were being made for the French ball that year, and how it was bound to be a great success on account of the entire suspension of the free list, when Hyde exclaimed: 'Suspend the free list, eh? Well, you can suspend and be darned, but just the same I'm going to pass in at least 15 people.' 'I'll bet you don't pass in a soul, barring yourself,' replied Hirsch.

"The result was a heavy wager, Hyde betting that he would pass in at least 10 strangers for nothing, giving none of them tickets or passes. Every one who heard of the bet laughed at Hyde, but Jimmy simply smiled and said nothing. Those who knew Jimmy Hyde felt confident that he would succeed in doing what he had boasted he could do, although nobody could see just how he was going to manage it. Well, on the night of the ball Hirsch stuck around the door of the opera house all night, watching every one that passed in. It was just about midnight when Hyde, followed by a meek looking individual who carried something under his coat, showed up in the vicinity. Leaving his companion on the corner, Jimmy walked into the lobby and approached a young man who was leaning against the wall.

"'Going in?' asked Hyde.

"'Can't. Ain't got the price?' responded the stranger.

"'How much have you got?' asked Hyde.

"'Two an a half.'

"'Well, it's money anyway, so come on,' and Hyde walked out of the lobby, followed by the young man.

"'Now, see here,' said Jimmy when they reached the corner, 'when you get inside don't stop a second, but just go right past the wineroom down toward the stage. At the left end you'll find a flight of stairs. Go down them, and you'll find yourself in the cellar right under one of the gratings which open on Thirty-ninth street. Will you do that?'

"'I don't see any use of doing all that, but you get me in and I'll do it.'

"'All right,' said Hyde, and he took the bundle from under his companion's coat and handed it to the young man. It was an old and battered violin case.

"'Take that and walk right through the door,' said Hyde. 'If any one says anything to you, just say "musician," and pass on. When you get in the cellar, pass it up to me.'

"The young man took the case and walked into the lobby and past the doormen without any trouble. In three minutes he was under the grating and had passed the case up through a small aperture. Nine other men, each of whom paid from $3 to $4 apiece for the use of the violin case, were successfully passed through. Hirsch stood at the door the whole time and never once saw through the game. It was one of the doormen who caught on first. He thought it remarkable that so many of the orchestra were coming in late, and when Hyde's eleventh man tried to pass through he nailed him. 'Musician,' said the man hoarsely, but it was no go. The doormen took the case away and opened it. Of course it was empty.

"Hyde saw that the game was up and almost burst with laughter when he saw his man go sailing out into the street, with the old violin case flying after him. The truth flashed on Hirsch in an instant. Two mutual friends whom Hyde had let into the secret at the last moment testified that 10 men had been passed through on the old case, and Hirsch paid over the amount of the wager like a man. It didn't take the crowd long to drink up the money, and when it was gone Hyde was forced to blow in the money he had collected from those he had passed in too. That was a mighty neat piece of work, that was, and there wasn't another man in New York but Jimmy Hyde who would have thought of it. It seems that Hyde had made up his mind to beat the ball in that way long before the bet was made, and that he only accepted the wager because he saw a chance to rake in a few dollars more.

"Yes, the day of the ticket speculator is over, and, despite the old saying that history repeats itself, I don't believe it'll ever come around again."—New York Sun.

A Model For the Heathen.

"John, dear," said Mrs. Hicks, "I'm making a shirt for the heathen. Come here and let me fit it on you, will you?"—Exchange.

The Real David Crockett.

Mrs. Ibbie Gordon of Clarksville, Tex., who was born in 1805, was once introduced to David Crockett. Describing the incident, she says: "It was in the winter of 1834, not long after Crockett had been defeated for congress in Tennessee. We heard that Crockett had crossed Red river, and fearing that he might not come through Clarksville, but keep on the old Trammell trail, we intended to meet him. Jane Latimer, then a girl of 18, rode behind me, and Betsy Latimer followed on a pony. We overtook Crockett and his party at the house of Edward Deen, about four miles from Clarksville. It was early in the morning, and when Mrs. Deen saw us she said, 'Mrs. Clark, what in the name of God brings you here at this time of the day?' 'My horse brought me,' I answered, and then I told her I wanted some breakfast. We went into the house, and a friend, who had known Crockett in Tennessee, introduced us. Crockett was dressed like a gentleman and not as a backwoodsman. He did not wear a coonskin cap. It has always disgusted me to read these accounts of Crockett that characterize him as an ignorant backwoodsman. Neither in dress, conversation nor bearing could he have created the impression that he was ignorant or uncouth. He was a man of wide practical information and was dignified and entertaining. His language was about as good as any we hear nowadays."—Galveston News.

Artificial Purification of Water.

A notable example is furnished by the city of Berlin, in the interests of public health, in its treatment of water by artificial purification, the present system being, as stated, the result of extensive experiments for 15 years past. It seems that the attempt was first made to establish a plan of natural filtration by digging deep wells near the river and lakes from which water was obtained, and allowing the water to drain through the soil from the source of supply to the wells, from which it was then pumped to the city reservoirs, but this plan was abandoned on the fact being demonstrated that the water thus supplied remained impure. Artificial filtration was consequently substituted, the water being filtered through sand, a large number of filter basins meeting this requirement. They are covered by roofs of stone, earth and sod, in order to prevent atmospheric contamination and the formation of ice in cold weather as well as to facilitate the frequent removals of those impurities which gather upon the surface of the sand. The careful examinations of the water constantly made by official experts show that, while there is a small reduction in the quantity of organic matter in the filtered water, the important fact also appears that there is a retention of solid impurities and of a large percentage of bacteria.—New York Tribune.

A Troublesome Word.

How much better it would be if the past tense of the verb read could be changed to red. The verb read would then form the past tense (red) analogously with the verb lead, and that tense, as in the case of led, would then be spelled as it is pronounced, red. When a person is reading aloud and comes to the word read, he is often unable to tell whether it should be pronounced reed or red and after mispronouncing it read when it should be pronounced red, or vice versa, he is obliged, after getting into the midst of a sentence, to go back and set himself right. Take, for example, the following sentence, and nobody can tell, when he reaches the word read, whether it is to be pronounced reed or red: "Those who read Sir Walter Scott's novel of 'Edward Waverley' when it first appeared did not know by whom it was written." In this example read is to be pronounced red, but nobody would know this till reaching a subsequent part of the sentence, and the reader is just as apt to mispronounce it reed as to give it the correct pronunciation of red. In the sentence given as an example the reader learns soon after passing the word read how it should be pronounced, but in many cases one has to proceed quite a distance after reaching the word before the context shows how it should be pronounced.—Boston Transcript.

Tungsten.

The fact is well known that a mixture of tungsten with steel imparts to the latter so great a degree of hardness that it readily scratches glass and quartz. Recent investigations have thrown light upon this somewhat remarkable phenomenon—that is, a definitely crystallized compound of iron and tungsten is announced as having lately been discovered, the crystals being so hard as to be capable of scratching topaz. Tungsten is a brittle white metal, almost as heavy as gold, and the crystals formed by its combination with iron, in the proportion of one atom of iron to two of tungsten, are silver gray and very brilliant. The conclusion arrived at by experts in this line is that, on tungsten being alloyed with steel, some of the compound just described is formed in the mass, thereby producing the remarkable increase in the hardness of steel and adding to its usefulness.—New York Sun.

Explosives That Must Be Shocked.

Some explosives, such as dynamite, nitroglycerol, gun cotton, picric acid and the new German military powder, when simply heated, burn quietly if freely exposed, or, if confined, explode only at the spot where heat is applied, without the whole mass taking part in the explosion. According to H. Blitz, this is probably because they are bad conductors of their own explosive wave. If, however, the same substances are subjected to a violent shock by the explosion in their midst of initial charges of mercury fulminate, the shock apparently affects all the molecules of the explosive at once, and the whole mass of the latter explodes with a violence that is enormous and destructive.—Journal of Commerce.

EARNINGS OF BEGGARS.

The Professionals In London and Paris Pick Up a Good Living.

The professional beggar is not a modern innovation by any means. Readers may recall Scarecrow, the famous London beggar, who, having disabled himself in his right leg, asked alms all day in order to get a warm supper at night. According to John Timbs, the Ruffiers, of whom we often find mention in the literature of the seventeenth century, were troops of idle vagrants who infested Lincoln's inn fields.

They assumed the characters of maimed soldiers who had suffered in the great rebellion and found a ready prey in the people of fashion and quality who drove by. Indeed it is made clear by contemporary allusion in comedies that this square was the regular haunt of bogus cripples who lived by mendicancy, which they carried on in the most barefaced and even intimidating manner. It is related that George IV, when prince of Wales, once attended a beggars' carnival in London incognito. He had not been there long when the chairman, addressing the company and pointing to the prince, said:

"I call upon that 'ere gemman with a shirt for a song." The prince, as well as he could, got excused, upon a friend, who accompanied him, promising to sing instead, which the latter did amid great applause. The health of the prince and his friend having been drunk and duly responded to, they departed in order to afford the company an opportunity to fix their different routes for the ensuing day's business, for at that time the professional beggars of London used to have a general meeting several times during the year, at which they were divided into companies, each company having its particular walk.

In those days their earnings varied, some getting as much as 5 shillings a day. Most of the professional beggars in London today—and their name is legion—emanate from two or three common lodging houses. The most populous of these, which is known as The Dispensary, supports an individual known as a "scriver," who earns a living by manufacturing the pathetic signboards which the sham cripples and the bogus blind men carry round their necks. In Paris, as is well known, the professional beggars hold regular weekly meetings, at which the routes to be followed by the members of the guild are mapped out by a standing committee.

They have an organ of their own, called The Journal des Mendicants, which appears twice a week. From a recent issue the following advertisement is taken: "Wanted—To engage a cripple for a seaside resort. Good references and a small deposit required."

This queer announcement is explained by the fact that the proprietors of hotels and boarding houses of fashionable French watering places assume that visitors would be disposed to give alms if an opportunity were afforded them, and as they cannot very well do the begging themselves they engage professional beggars to whom they grant permission to solicit alms on their premises, and the beggars in return pay them one-half of their daily receipts.—North American Review.

Frank Confession.

Robert Chambers, the large hearted and honest publisher, one night appeared at his club after a short absence, and there delighted at least one member—J. C. Jeaffreson—by a deliciously frank expression of opinion. Jeaffreson began the conversation by asking:

"What have you been doing since I saw you last?"

"I have joost been spending the time in Scotland with my ain people, and for my diversion I have been reading yet again Scott's novels. I went deliberately through the whole lot o' them. What do you think o' a mon o' my years spending the greater part of the long holidays in sic a way?"

"It was in that way that I first made acquaintance with the Waverly novels," was the enthusiastic reply, "in a broiling hot summer and autumn. How you must have enjoyed yourself!"

"Weel, weel, I canna say," returned the Scottish publisher and man of letters. Then he looked warily up and down the room to make sure of not being hard by any brother Scotsman and continued:

"I canna say I enjoyed the buiks so much as I did in my younger time. I would not say it aloud in Adinbro, but weel you believe me when I say that Sir Walter isn't what he used to be to me? To tale you the truth," he added, lowering his voice almost to a whisper—"to tale you the truth, I found him rather prosy! Aye, but dinna be laughing, or the lads there will be asking what I said to you. It is the truth that I tale you. I moost conface I fund him at times a leetle prosy!"—Youth's Companion.

Figuring It Out.

A schoolmaster had been severely correcting one of his boys and finished by saying: "Now sit down and write a letter to your parents telling them how much you are taught here and how little you profit therefrom. I should be ashamed to tell them." The boy cried a good deal and then wrote:

DEAR FATHER—I am very stupid, though there is more to be learnt here than anywhere. Twice two's four—four boys go to one bed—six beds make one attic, and four attics make one well ventilated and appointed sleeping dormitory. One round of bread and butter makes one breakfast, and every tea makes its own supper.

"This time," said the master, "we will—er—overlook your conduct, and you needn't send that note." (He had been overlooking.)—London Tit-Bits.

The Making of Shakespeare.

"An old crippled woman whom I knew in Leamington, England," writes a correspondent, "used often to amuse me by her original ideas and speeches. Speaking of Shakespeare one day, I said I would like much to visit Stratford-upon-Avon. 'Law!' said she, with much scorn, 'who was he? Ou'y a plowboy, and he was never thought nothin of till them Americans came and took him up.'"—Boston Transcript.

TYPICAL KENTUCKIANS.

Some Caustic Comments About the Specimens Pictured In Dime Novels.

There are, no doubt, a good many worthy people who advise folks against moving to Kentucky, because their typical Kentuckian is a blossom nosed fire eater, who goes about with his trousers stuck into cowhide boots, a slouch hat staggering over his eyes, a whisky flask protruding from one pocket, a revolver from another and a bowie knife from the bootleg. Their representative Kentuckian kills a man every morning for breakfast and goes to bed every night too gloriously drunk to take his clothes off. They divide Kentuckians into two classes—the horse racers and the feud fighters. They consult dime novel accounts of the mountain vendettas as authorities on Kentucky life, and they accept and disseminate the opinion that Kentucky is a good place for a man of peaceful inclinations to stay away from.

Another picture of the Kentuckian, less uncomplimentary, but as an average type scarcely less untrue to life, is that of the old Kentucky gentleman whose religion it is to "love a hoss and cuss a nigger," who has highly wrought notions of gallantry, wraps himself in an atmosphere of romance and chivalry, worships the memory of Henry Clay, has no occupation in life beyond swapping stories, playing poker and sipping mint juleps, and is in all respects a harmless, kindly, blustering, inane, indolent, boastful and utterly impracticable member and type of a somnolent society.

The fault of the seeker after types is the disposition to generalize on too slight a foundation. Such men as these there are in Kentucky. The feud fighter is here, though we have quieted him by hanging or imprisoning his fellow outlaw. He chiefly lives now in the impossible romances which space writers have woven about as cowardly a set of assassins as ever skulked behind a rock or fired an undefended mountain cabin. The fine old Kentucky gentleman is here, too, and may there be to him and his peace and plenty in the mellow evening of a kindly life. The younger sons of Kentucky honor his virtues and wear them when they can, borrowing from his courtly example much that makes the genuine gentleman. So much do we love him and honor him that we are disposed to resent any rude exaggeration of his lovely peculiarities by those who cannot appreciate him and who do not understand that the qualities which most distinguish him may adjust themselves in his sons and grandsons to changed conditions of life.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Depew's Broiled Lobster.

"I well remember my surprise one night at a banquet at Delmonico's. It was a gathering of Wall street men, and of course Depew was among the lot. He was the life of the party, and I noticed he ate very heartily, although I have frequently read that the best after dinner speakers eat next to nothing when about to speak. But our Chauncey put down a good dinner, and made his speech afterward in the best of form. At the conclusion of the banquet, and while people were crowding around him to congratulate him on his brilliant address, I noticed that a waiter entered and handed Mr. Depew a box, done up in a paper, and a minute afterward the same waiter brought in his overcoat, and after assisting Mr. Depew into it buttoned it up, tucked the box under the Depew arm and held the door open, while the man outside whistled for the carriage.

"I was mystified, but after seeing the same thing repeated at several dinners I asked for an explanation and got it. The bundle was a box, and it contained a broiled lobster, which Mr. Depew always took home to his wife. At all the places where he dined there was a standing order for a broiled lobster, to be given to Mr. Depew for Mrs. Depew. And no charge was ever made. After Mrs. Depew's death the lobster was broiled and presented at the door, as usual, but Mr. Depew motioned it away. He has never taken one home since then.—New York Herald.

Thomas at Lookout Mountain.

An anecdote concerning General George H. Thomas, the hero of Chickamauga, was related by the Rev. Russell H. Conwell. He told it to illustrate how the valor of obscure soldiers goes to swell the fame of the great generals. "I sat next General Thomas in a Tennessee train shortly after the battle on Lookout Mountain," declared Dr. Conwell, "when a crowd of soldiers on the platform began cheering for 'the hero of Lookout mountain.' 'Stop that confounded noise!' indignantly demanded Thomas of his adjutant. 'I don't know whether these men are in earnest and making a mistake, or whether they are guying me. The fact is, if I had had my way, the battle would not have been fought. When I heard of the proposed attack, it seemed exceedingly foolhardy, and I ordered the plan abandoned, but in spite of me, while I was protesting, the men had stormed and captured those battlements above the clouds!'"—Philadelphia Record.

Birds Are Mathematicians.

The English naturalist, Morris Gibbs, devoted years of study to birds' nests, their formation and their contents, and asserts that birds lay their eggs in accordance with geometrical lines, so that every inch of space is used to the greatest possible advantage. Birds which lay many eggs arrange them in circles, the pointed ends turned to the inside. Others, whose eggs are elliptically shaped, place them in longitudinal rows. If an egg is moved out of its original position by an intruder, it will be found on the following morning that the bird has returned it to its first position. Among the numerous and often difficult cases which Gibbs made a matter of study, not one was found which would not do credit to a mathematician.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

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Jacques Cartier No 5—Michael Cyr, C R, 66 Winthrop place; John W Twohey, Rec Sec, 248 Laflin st; Louis Jordain, Fin Sec; Ed L Caron, Treas; Dr P Lesage, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 183 Blue Island av.

St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1825 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4032 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Howson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eller, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMann, C R, 339 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arthington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3350 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av; James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm White, Treas; Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av; Michael Ryan, 2958 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec; Wm L O'Brien, Treas; Dr John B McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Queely's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 484 Winchester a ; Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leacy, Treas; Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av; J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 326 W Huron st; J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec; L Foley, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st; John F Owens, Fin Sec; Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 528 Fifty-fourth st; John Nott, Rec Sec, 3743 Kimbark av; M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleason, Treas; Dr J A Hemsteger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1065 W 57th st; R S, J V Cook, 743 W 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 700 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 423 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 445 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1086 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaefer, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Dorsey, 9239 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4729 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Asbenden, 915 Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 409 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foley. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 108 22rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 12th st; R S Julius Eder, 564 W 18th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Eblebracht, 1097 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 51 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lask, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 573 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 35—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 2806 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Charisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 3512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 3723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 3500 Went Worth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

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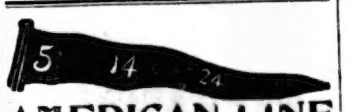

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